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"HAPPY NEW YEAR."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ELSIE MAY.

Brother, give ear to the musical chime,
Sister, the year bells are ringing for thee;
Launch once again from the harbor of time,
Let your bark float on the infinite sea.
Mystical music the bells are all ringing,
Beautiful tones Fancy's voices are singing,
While the full hands of the future are flinging
Over thy pathway gifts golden and free.

Swiftly the tide waves are speeding thee on
From the shores of the old, distant year;
Now the dark mountains of sorrow are gone;
Slowly from sight fades each valley of fear.
O'er some bright hill-top Love's crescent is glowing,
On the far shore some rare flowers are growing,
Yet, these rough waves with their ebbing and flowing
From the lost Past bring no treasure barques here.

What have you gained in the year that has fled?
What golden hopes did you realize there?
What gleams of light on your pathway were shed?
How often darkened by clouds of despair?
Let hope to-day gather each ruined treasure;
Gather life's sweets in a full, brimming measure,
And, in the radiant circlet of pleasure,
Place flowers most lovely, and gems the most rare.

Give your barque roses to twine 'round its prow;
Let Hope's star guide o'er the billowy sea,
Bind the fair circlet entwined for your brow,
Bid every vestige of sadness to flee.
From by-gone hours no sad memory borrow,
Search not the Past for an emblem of sorrow
Ever expect a fair, sunshiny morrow,
However clouded the Present may be.

Onward, still onward thy vessel is driven,
And the home harbor no longer is near;
Now trust, oh! heart, in the mercies of Heaven,
They alone guard thee from danger and fear.
Fill with good actions each day that flits o'er thee,
Catch from each past hour the gems that it bore thee,
Till from the Heaven shore that looms up before thee,
Angels shall wish thee a "Happy New Year."

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHECKMATE.

The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!—BARRY CORNWALL.

The Star of Freedom was a quiet hotel, not a temperance one; its inmates smoked and drank as they listed, but its proprietor was a religious man and allowed no disturbances in his house.

It was an odd place for a rollicking sea captain like the master of the good ship Flying Scud to choose to stay in, but Captain Piper and the proprietor had been friends in youth and sailed many a voyage together. The captain was wont to say with more truth than reverence, perhaps, that "Jack Enson was a jolly good fellow before he took up with that ere darned religion."

Perhaps he was right; certainly the Jack Enson of old days had vanished and left in his stead a grave personage with unexceptionable clothing and thick close cropped hair; a man with a meek voice but a firm will, whom unsuspecting travelers believed in, but before whom intending defaulters fled in dismay.

Be the change what it might, Captain Piper kept true to his old friendship, and whenever he was in the neighborhood always patronised the Star of Freedom, and gave in to the (to him) heathenish custom of shutting doors and putting out all lights at eleven o'clock at the latest.

On this particular evening he was more ready than any one to retire. He had been to the circus, but came home before half the performance was over—"ore!" he said.

"Fact is, Enson, I can't stand that sort of stuff," he remarked, "it's all the same over and over again."

"That's a clever little child they say," said Mr. Enson, turning up his eyes. "For myself I never peril my soul by attending places of amusement now."

"If that's peril I should think you'd lost the smallest chance of ever getting to heaven, Jack Enson; you've been to enough to spoil a dozen religious folks. As to the boy, I only saw him for a minute; I couldn't be plagued to stay."

Only for a minute, as he said, but time enough to speak to the boy nevertheless.

He rose to go as the little one was being slowly walked round on his horse, and as the groom tightened something about the trappings he whispered rapidly:—

"Are you afraid to fall?"

"No."

"Then fall off this side, into my lap if you like, I want to speak to you."

A glance was the only answer, and the horse careered on its way with the tiny performer executing unheard of feats as he whirled rapidly around the ring.

Mons. Loyola looked at the man who had risen and sat down again, but he was not in the least like the uncomfortable stranger of the morning, so he took no further notice of him. Presently the horse made a false step or the rider, no one knew which, and the boy slipped off. He was up again in a minute, but that minute had been enough; Captain Piper caught him in his arms.

"Can you get up to the stable window?"

"Yes."

"Then get there, a black man is waiting for you; you won't see me till to-morrow, but you may trust him and I'll take you home."

The boy pressed his lips tight together, and sprang upon his horse, and the stranger who had caught him went away audibly declaring that the little beggar was heavier than he looked, and he shouldn't like to catch him every night. Captain Piper was singularly sleepy that night, and by half-past ten he was in bed and seemingly fast asleep.

A few words with the landlord satisfied him as to the absence of Neb, and when one of the guests questioned him as to the whereabouts of the old black, he answered somewhat shortly that he had sent him out on business.

Never had the little Don Jose performed better than he did after his chance fall; cheer after cheer made the roof ring again, as feat after feat was gone through with a graceful dash and daring unequaled in the profession. Even the surly Loyola, who had bestowed a severe pinch and shake upon the child when he fell, condescended to tell him he had done well as he ran out of the ring.

The boy dressed quickly and glided into the passage which led to the stables. Loyola saw him and his good humor vanished.

"None of your sneaking about, you young varmint!" he said. "I'm not going to have you slinking off to any of your kidnapping captains! Just you go back to the dressing-room and I'll just keep you locked up till that there old ass is gone out of the place. Be off with you till I am ready to go home!"

"Please, sir, I'm only going to the stables," the child pleaded.

"Don't lock him up, guv'nor," said one of the men, "he can't get out from here without getting through the house; the back door's fast."

"Bring me the key and then I shall be sure of it," Loyola growled, and possessing himself of it he thrust it into his pocket and sullenly allowed the boy to go free.

Little Don Jose spent many a solitary hour in the stables among the exactable horses; they seemed far more human and companionable than the harsh people about him, and he would curl himself up in the straw beside his own horse (from which Loyola would not separate him for fear of mishaps), unheeded by all so he were safe for his daily and nightly toil.

He was going to leave his dumb friend now and tears rolled down his childish face as he kissed the creature's broad nose. Poor forlorn little fellow, kindness night so easily have won him, and now he was going from harsh people to utter strangers, alone and friendless. But Signor Armadini had whispered to him that Captain Piper would take him home; to his friends, to his real father, and as some faint suspicion had always been in his mind regarding Jim Maurice, though never of his wife, he was willing to go.

Luckily for him the stall of his own horse was directly under the window of which his new friend had spoken; it was so high from the street that the wildest imagination could hardly picture any one jumping out of it. The horse, used to his master, let the boy jump to his back and slip lightly upon his head, from whence he could just reach the window.

To cling to the sill and lift himself up, was nothing to the practised little gymnast, and pushing it open, he saw far below in the street a black man with a cloak.

"Can little massa jump?" inquired Neb, considerably dismayed at seeing the child perched on the ledge of the window like a monkey.

"Not jump, *drop*," said the boy, decidedly, "you come quite close and hold out your arms. I won't hurt you."

Neb did as he was bid and the next moment had the slight form in his arms. To throw the cloak over him and turn down a narrow alley was the work of a moment, and in ten minutes from the time when Loyola took the precaution of locking the back door, his "star" was whirling away in a swift car to a station ten miles away from Trenton, there to take the train for New York.

The boy was singularly self possessed—it may be that his wandering, self dependent life made him so, any way he was far less flurried than Neb.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked when they were fairly out of the town.

"To Massa Piper's sister in New York," was the answer, and he asked no more.

"Where's that boy?" demanded Mons Loyola, when he was ready to go home.

"In the stable, sir," was the prompt reply; but the stable was searched in vain, the open window told its own tale; the bird was flown. The rage of the circus proprietor knew no bounds, he swore at everything and everybody, accused all and each of his company with having connived at the boy's escape, and finally sent for a policeman, and, accusing Captain Piper of having stolen his apprentice, marched off to the "Star of Freedom," with half the urchins in the town at his heels, though it was considerably past eleven o'clock at night.

The "Star of Freedom" was all dark and still; not a light appeared at any window; not a sound broke the stillness which hung over the house of the religious landlord.

"They're shut up," the policeman remarked. "You won't find your bird here governor."

"I tell you he is there," raged Loyola, "he gave his address plain enough, the villain."

It was a good while before their knocking or calling made any impression upon Mr. Enson and his household; at length a night-capped head appeared at a first floor window and the landlord's voice said decidedly "it's no use gentlemen, I never open my doors after hours; you must try some other place."

"But you must open them," roared Loyola, "I want a man that's staying here; he's a thief; where's Captain Piper as he calls himself, the rogue?"

"Captain Piper is in bed," replied the landlord, while the policeman, after admonishing the enraged Loyola to be quiet, begged him to let them in.

"There's some mistake, I daresay," he said, "but let's have it cleared up. This here gent wants Captain Piper, so just bring him out."

The door was opened at last, and Captain Piper roused with a good deal of difficulty.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, as he came down rubbing his eyes. "What's up? Oh, it's the gent that was so particular polite to me this morning. That there box order might have come a bit earlier, before a man was enjoying his beauty sleep."

Loyola's rage got beyond all bounds at what he considered the man's audacity, and he spluttered and fumed till the policeman was obliged to come to the rescue and state the case.

"Look here, stranger," he said, "the boy's gone, there's no mistake at all about that, and the governor here seems pretty sure as you've got him."

Never was injured innocence displayed so fully upon human face as upon Captain Piper's at that moment.

"Me!" he exclaimed, "why, what in thunder should I do with him. I knew the man that owned him before, and when he was dying I promised that if ever the boy wanted to go to Europe I'd take him to a place he named."

"You hear him, you hear him!" interrupted Loyola in a fury.

"Hold on a bit," said the Captain, "well, I heard something about the child being thrashed, and this morning, being located here for a spell, I strolled into this gentleman's circus. I saw enough to let me see the story was true; enough to make me take him by the neck and give him a sound thrashing. The child was beaten, lashed as I would not lash a hound, and I up and offered to take him away. I don't know much about the law, and I've found out since that the boy is his lawful property, so though I pity him, I wash my hands of it."

"But he's gone; run away."

"I don't wonder at it; as for me, I've not set eyes on him since I saw him at the circus; I went to see him perform, but he fell, poor little chap, and I did not stay. I've not been out of the house since."

There were plenty of witnesses to confirm his words, and to declare that no child, boy or girl, had entered the house since the morning. Loyola fumed, but his anger was useless; Enson offered to let his house be searched, and Captain Piper stood calmly by, puffing a segar, and looking at the fuss with a complacent air.

Clearly there was nothing to do but to go away as they came, and try other means for the restoration of the lost child. They gave up the idea of the window, it being utterly impossible that he should have dropped from there, agile as he was, without serious injury, unless he had been assisted, and leaned to the notion that he had somehow or other managed to mix with the departing crowd, and so got away.

Loyola spared no pains or expense in his quest. A minute description of the boy and his dress was entered at the police office, and the telegraph took in all directions a notice to stop a boy, dark, native, thin and with long, curling black hair.

No such boy seemed to have traveled that night, but the next morning there emerged from the train from the south a decent old negro carrying a pale faced child, wrapped in a cloak, with his head tied up in a handkerchief.

"It's my missises boy," he said to those who asked any question, "and I'm ole Uncle Jeff from Virginny; de boy's dying, and I'm taking him to his mother."

And so they let him pass, while the officers continued their quest for the dark, active boy with the black, curling hair, in vain.

But Loyola was not satisfied yet, and two days afterwards the police boarded the "Flying Scud" with a search warrant; he still believed Captain Piper had the boy.

Search away," said the captain; "I'm game to eat all the young 'uns you find here without salt, unless they're stew aways; there's no coming over the tricks of them young varments."

He might have kept his word, for no sign of any child was found on board his ship, and the police officers, with Loyola in their train, went back disconcerted.

"He's done me," said that worthy, "but damn me if ever we do meet I'll have it out of his ugly old carcase."

As the boat containing the searchers rowed back, a smart little steamer shot out into the harbor. Greetings passed between her captain and the policeman.

"Whither bound," friend?" asked the latter.

"Out for a cruise, that's all."

"Who's on board?"

"My brother, his wife and child."

He lifted a pretty little girl in a fur hood up in his arms as he spoke, and made her wave her hand to the departing boat.

Twenty miles out at sea the little steamer drew up alongside the "Flying Scud," and the little girl was transferred to Captain Piper's care.

Four weeks afterwards Loyola received a letter:—

LIVERPOOL, April 6th, 18—.

You're done, Monsieur Loyola; I've got the child, and long before you get this he will be in the hands of his friends, who in all probability will prosecute you for detaining and ill using him. Don't you think you had better make tracks to California? He made a smart girl, didn't he? Yours, J. PIPER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TOO LATE.

"When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this." BYRON.

From Hay to London was a long journey for a man of Mr. Gwynne's quiet habits, and his good little wife was put about in no small degree by his sudden departure. She was as anxious as he was that whatever unhappiness might be caused by Nesta Howell's going to her new place should be avoided, and heartily willing to take the poor girl in and give her a home until something more suitable could be found for her.

Though he told no one, somehow or other it got bruited about that his visit had something to do with the girl who had so suddenly disappeared, and all sorts of reports grew rife about her.

She was dead—she had come into a fortune—she had committed some terrible crime; each and all of these reports went abroad; and the last named was the most generally believed. The fact of Hugh Evans having suddenly gone off to Ireland, and in evident alarm and consternation, gave color to the suspicions that were rife.

Hugh's parents knew enough of the truth to laugh at the gossip of the place, but the idea of their cherished son taking such a journey was very dreadful to them.

To their simple minds the very fact of crossing the sea was like a journey to the ant-podes, and they mourned over him as though they would never see him again. His own mind, poor fellow, was in a whirl; he hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that he was going to see her again; he loved her as truly and dearly as ever, but he was so thorough and honest hearted that he had schooled his love to be that of a careful brother, and all he thought of was to save *her* sufferings.

His journey was a pleasure to him; he had never been on the sea, and the very crossing, despite the rough and tumble passage he had was a new source of delight to him. Mr. Gwynne's sudden flight on the contrary was anything but agreeable to him; he was a man of quiet habits, unaccustomed to leave home, and slightly nervous at the prospect of a night in the railway after rattling twenty miles on the lumbering old coach which plied between Hay and Hereford.

He arrived in town on the morning following the one on which he started, only to find that through some delay, the packet by which Mr. O'Grady was to leave Ostend had been delayed and would not be in till night. So to rest and refresh, and wait was the only thing to do, and he took up his quarters at a sea going coffee house, close by the wharf, where the ways and customs of the place and its frequenters were as new to the unsophisticated Welsh clergyman as the inhabitants of the moon would have been, if that useful planet has any living beings upon it.

By and bye, down went the tide, a phenomenon which the gentleman from the country did not notice; the river was the river to him, with its black expanse dotted with lights, and encumbered by the huge hulls of ships lying grim and dark against its inky surface. But the waiter was thoughtful and enlightened him.

"No boats up to-night, sir," he said when he had learned his anxiety. "Tide's out."

"Bless me, what am I to do?" exclaimed Mr. Gwynne in amaze. "I want to see a gentleman on board the —— before he comes ashore."

"Gent'll likely go ashore at Gravesend and take the train," was the answer. "If he's in a hurry he's sure to."

"But that's just what he mustn't do till I've seen him; I've come all the way from Wales to meet him. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What misery there will be if I don't see him."

Mr. Gwynne was a very clear headed man at home in his own parish. He could think for every one and plan for every one, but here in the babel of London, and in this queer coffee house with its amphibious customers, who uttered oaths with every sentence as a common way of expressing themselves, and made his orderly grey hair stand on end with horror; he was a mere baby.

"Law bless you, sir," the waiter said sympathetically. "It's easy, you'll get a train to Greenwich from London Bridge, and you'll be there long before she comes up; and then you hire a boat and board her, and there you are all taut and trim."

So Mr. Gwynne was hustled into a cab with his prim little valise and whirled off to London Bridge, where the driver did not charge him more than double his fare out of respect to his cloth; the waiter looked after him with the pity of a man who has seen the world.

"Lord bless his old spectacles," he'll never find any one on board a steamer. Why any one might take him to the Nore and make him believe he was at New Zealand he's that green. He's a good chap, too, and parts like a gentleman."

Five shillings put by Mr. Gwynne in his hand at parting produced this speech; such gratuities were rare at the Flag and Anchor.

Notwithstanding his greenness Mr. Gwynne reached Greenwich in safety before the boat came in, and went down to the pier to look for her. The time seemed long before the great moving mass with a bustle of people on her deck and lamps swaying and moving about her like stars, came puffing and snorting up and stopped in the middle of the river.

"Won't she come any nearer?" asked Mr. Gwynne, gazing blankly at the stretch of dark water between him and the ship he had waited so long for.

"No, sir; tide's out."

If ever the varying tide was anathematised it was by the clergyman at that moment, he was so anxious and worried and he had come so far.

"I must go aboard," he said, and instantly became the prey of a crowd of boatmen, all anxious for the honor of taking out and fleecing him to the extent of their power.

"Take you cheap, sir."

"Here you are, sir; dry boat, sir; quickest on the river, sir."

"Oh, dry, because she's been hauled up for two days on shore; wait till the gentleman gets in her, that's all!"

"Hold your jaw, the gent's going with me."

"No he ain't, I spoke first."

Half a dozen hands were laid on the little bag the clergyman carried, and as many rough men crowded round him to his extreme bewilderment, when a shout came from the steamer.

"Boat ahoy! Passengers for the shore."

"The gentlman I came to see, I dare say," he said, much relieved. "I shall wait and meet him."

The boat put off and he could almost have sworn that the muffled figure he saw decending the steps into her was Horace O'Grady; but, alas! it was an elderly gentleman, very cross and exceedingly sick, who resented being very much asked about his fellow passengers.

"He had not heard anybody's name that he knew of," he said, testily, and marched off to the train indignant. So Mr. Gwynne had to trust himself to the boatman after all, and stepped into the first boat he came to, the "dry" one, which woefully belied it's name, and let in enough to wet his feet and drench his clerical coat tails and trim gaiters, and make him more uncomfortable than he had been for many a year. Arrived at the ship's side, there was more shouting and unlimited bad language, and the captain declared very emphatically indeed that no one could come on board.

But Mr. Gwynne declared with spirit, though without the emphasis that he must, that he wanted to see Mr. O'Grady on important business. Mr. O'Grady's name produced some impression; the captain knew it and came to the side.

"Mr. O'Grady is not on board," he said.

"Not on board?"

"No."

"But he was coming home in your ship, I saw it in the *Telegraph*."

"But he altered his mind."

Mr. Gwynne appeared so wildly incredulous that the captain became a little more explicit.

"Mr. O'Grady was going home on important business, as perhaps you know. His wife is dangerously ill, and when he found how we were likely to be delayed he forfeited his passage money and came across the country to Calais by train; he is well nigh home by this time, if not quite. 'Deares me, I hope nothing fresh has happened!" for Mr. Gwynne threw up his hands with a despairing gesture and groaned out "too late! too late!"

"I trust Mrs. O'Grady is not dead!"

"No, no; worse, worse!" exclaimed Mr. Gwynne, and made a gesture to his boatman to turn back to the shore regardless of the wondering looks of the passengers who had witnessed the scene of the inquiries of the captain as to what was the matter.

"He's mad!" that gentleman said, "mad as a hatter—there can be no other explanation of such a queer start. What can be worse than that poor soul's death, I wonder."

Back to Hay, through the long, dismal night, sped Mr. Gwynne, appearing before his astonished wife at noon next day in such a dishevelled and wild condition as to seriously alarm her, and insisting on starting for Ireland immediately.

Her cooler head and womanly reasoning convinced him that such a course would be worse than useless; whatever catastrophe was to be the result of Horace O'Grady's return had already happened, and no interference of theirs could avert it now.

"Trust to Hugh," Mrs. Gwynne said. "Let us hope and fancy dear he may be there in time; if not, well it is all in the hands of Heaven."

Hugh arrived at Kildare in the morning, and taking up his quarters at the village inn, set himself to reconnoitre. By dint of skilfully asking questions, he found out a good deal about the O'Grady family, but he learned one thing that considerably dismayed him, viz.:—that on that particular day Nesta Howell was gone to Dublin.

"I'm sorry for that," he said, "for I've come a good bit to see her; I'm a relation of hers, and am glad to know she's doing well and is happy."

"That she is," the landlord said, "they all like her; my Lord Scatterbrain and all. Why, not long since, some circus folk came to see her and was made as much of as if they was ladies and gentlemen. You'll be made welcome if you're any kin to her."

"I did'nt like going to the house when the mistress is so ill; the master wouldn't like it may be."

"Oh, he can't be back for a good bit yet—why here's the carriage—where are you going, Rooney?"

"To the station, for master; he's sent a telegraph message that he's coming by this train. I hope we shall be in time."

"I'll wait here till my cousin comes home," Hugh remarked, "I shall be sure to catch her going through the gates."

"Yes, they'll send some one to fetch her from the station; there's no other carriage way in."

So Hugh smoked a pipe, and made believe to read the latest edition of the Kildare *Banner of Freedom*, while he waited with burning impatience for the return of the carriage.

At last it came dashing up to the entrance as if horses as well as servants knew of and rejoiced in the return of their master. The little children shouted, and the cottagers ran out with bow and curtsey as the kindly face smiled upon them from the window, and their master put aside his own wearing anxiety to return their kindly greetings.

He could see from their faces that he had not come too late; his Honor yet lived to welcome and love him, and his heart, which had grown so heavy through all his long, weary journey, lightened of half its load at the sight of his home.

Hugh Evans saw the carriage dash by, but he had no eyes for the fine face of its master—all his senses were concentrated in a gaze on a female figure in the rumble.

"Who—who is that?" he gasped, pointing to the closely veiled woman, who sat still as death, looking neither to the right nor to the left, amid all the glad excitement.

"That? Why, that's the woman you've come to see! That's Nesta Howell."

"I've not seen her for some time, and she's a better dressed, and her veil's down. I'll go up to the house by and by."

He did when he thought the bustle of the arrival was over, and asked for Miss Howell. Nesta was with her lady, and sent to ask his name. He returned a slip of paper—

"Hugh Evans. Come to fetch you away. For God's sake, Nesta, come, till something can be done. Mr. Gwynne sent me."

For reply came down a note—

DEAR HUGH.—Don't be hard on me, I can't come. I've a right to stay here and I will. I shall do nothing, but let things take their course. Go back, and leave me, and God bless all the kind friends who have thought of me in my misery. NESTA HOWELL.

That night's post took a letter to Mr. Gwynne.

KILDARE, March 13.

HONORED SIR.—I was too late, as I know now you must have been. When I got here Nesta was in Dublin, and the same carriage which brought Mr. O'Grady from the station brought her too. I tried to see her but couldn't. I wrote to her, and I confess to you the answer she sent me:—"Dear sir.—I don't know what is to be done, but I shall stay here and watch what happens. I've money enough for some days and my passage home." They say the poor lady at the house is dying fast; I hope poor Nesta may do nothing to make her last hours unhappy. She must be disguised some way, for the people here speak of her as *golden haired*, but they all seem to love her. Honored sir, please give my duty to Mrs. Gwynne, and if you have time to look in upon the old folks and tell them I am safe and well, I should take it very kind. I am, sir, your humble servant, HUGH EVANS.

Rev. Mr. GWYNNE, Hay.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DISTINGUER EXTINGUISHED.—At a fashionable restaurant, the other evening, a young and full moustached dandy was seated at the table at rather a late hour, when the waiter, according to custom, when the work of the day was over, came in and took a seat directly opposite. The dandy tipped back his chair, and, gazing at the waiter, exclaimed:—"Fellah, do the servants mix with the gentlemen in this house?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Are you not the waiter?" "Yes, sir." "Well, a waiter is as much a servant as a scullery maid." "True," replied the waiter, "but I did not enter the room until I looked in and saw there was not a gentleman at the table?" Here the conversation ended. Moustache was done for.

WHEN is a wall like a fish? when

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD—A PRETTY THING ON ICE.

AFTER THE BALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Home from the dance and revel,
Comes waltzing through the hall,
The happy little maiden
From the Burgomaster's ball.

And up the grand old staircase
So easily she skips;
O, those eyes of the handsome stranger,
Whose name is on her lips.

In the dance—when the dreamy music
Came soft and sweet and low—
What were the words this stranger said
That made her tremble so?

O, little Gretchen—as innocent
And pure as is the dove—
You never have heard before to-night
The accents, sweet, of love!

Down in her little easy-chair
In her chamber now she sits;
And his form again, in the waxy dance,
Before her vision flits.

And as these pictures, bright and gay,
Before her turn and turn,
Why does her gentle bosom heave
And her fair cheeks glow and burn?

Hark!—underneath the window—
What is it she doth hear?
'Tis the voice of the handsome stranger
Singing so sweet and clear—

"The stars are shining, Gretchen—
The moon is on the sea—
O, fly to the arms of thy lover,
Who sings this song to thee!

"O, fly from these dreary mountains
To the bright lands of the sun—
Where our two hearts in unison
Shall beat as only one!

"Unless you give me your sweet smile—
I wish that I were dead!"
Just then her great big brother rushed out
And punched him in the head! J. H. B.

HOW DICK STUYVESANT'S NEW YEAR'S BET WAS LOST AND WON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Of all the sights on this earth there is not one that can equal that presented by a New Year's reception. Christmas is, after all, a sort of domestic affair, in which one's relations, male and female, are expected to participate, to the extremest limits of sanguinity, and everything must be—though it don't appear that it always is—subject to decorum. The 1st of January is, on the contrary, hailed as giving the signal for a repetition of the ancient saturnalia, which every one of the gender male observes according to his notions of exigency—the women being simply lookers on, and sufferers in proportion to the number of characters and dispositions of their callers. That semi-circle of smiling, festive beauties has daguerreotyped itself upon our mental retina as a sort of sideboard statuary, as classically correct and true to one model as the friezes of the Pantheon—though, be it observed, they are usually anything but *dressers*, in the wintry acceptation of the term. The recurrence of our annual festival brings to mind many a merry incident connected with the observance, which is all the more widely honored from the circumstance that, while family associations, and even a handsome supply of money, are indispensable concomitants to the proper observance of Christmas, on New Year's day all ranks and degrees are privileged, and domesticity is literally turned out of doors or exiled to the garret or the cellar.

Now, be it known that with the "men of our set" this has been for many years the occasion of occasions, and, as a prize was always adjudged at the first weekly meeting of the club (everybody knows "our club," of course, the Jolly Manhattans) to him who could relate the greatest number of curious adventures, it was a matter of emulation to see which could surpass his competitors in feats of that kind. Our tenth anniversary had arrived, and the expectant metropolis—all of it, that is to say, which had not gone to bed at too late an hour the night before—unclosed its eyes upon a brilliant day of calm and sunshine. There was much to do, for the newly appointed alderman of our district and several of the official colossi were to be dispatched or "done" in the course of the ensuing twelve hours, and diverse localities were to be visited. "I'll wager," said Dick Stuyvesant, "a dozen green seal that I kiss the prettiest girl, make the greatest speech, receive the finest compliment and drink the greatest number of healths of my chums," and "Done!" cried about a dozen voices in chorus. The boast was casually repeated in presence of his mischievous cousin Bel, who said just then nothing, but left much to be inferred from the unmistakable twinkle of her eye.

At the fashionable hour of eleven, I stood with Dick Stuyvesant and our mutual friend, Bucky Jones, in presence of the charmed circle at the hospitable mansion of our newest representative elect; and it is hardly boasting to say that three better organized specimens never set foot against a carpet on New Year's morning. In compliance with time honored custom, the dignitary was present, *in propria persona*, to manifest his "sense of the distinguished honor," etc.—a great favorite with all classes, and a genuine brick of the true old fashioned school. General Spurrit was there, and Major Budd, with Doctor Bonny Klauber, the family physician (looking to the coronership, and very affable), Messrs. Gaggem and Screwm, solicitors; and Prowl, a rich banker's son, whose side whiskers have created sad havoc among the ladies of his acquaintance. Although it was lacking an hour of noon, the functionary was already in a state of condensed perspiration, and as for the six young ladies of the family, they were so thickly surrounded that they could only be seen by forcibly clearing a passage. They had thrown up formidable breastworks, but were in danger of being overwhelmed by superior numbers. "Storming the garrison," said General Spurrit, with a huge hoarse laugh at his own witticism.

"Compliments of the season!" said Dick, as we stood with full glasses in hand at the shrine of beauty; "and as for you, representative, may the circle of your friends and acquaintances never grow less."

I thought I could see a look of dissent and dismay overspreading the naturally complaisant features of the functionary, and mingling with the smile of welcome with which he attempted to send a greeting to a group of a dozen new comers who had come cluttering up the stairs. He had but just entered upon the duties of reception, and with the whole day before him, the remark was, to say the least of it, unkind. Dick was about to make matters worse by apologising, but, happening to tread upon somebody else's toes (and this time not in the way of metaphor), he turned to encounter the irate glare of a young gentleman, with a ruddy, pretty face, guiltless of down, who scowled through his eyeglass and said, "begad!" while, with the disengaged hand, he held up his injured toes. "Never mind, Georgy, it was an accident—my friend will apologise," said Buck, with a quizzical expression on his countenance which I did not, at the time, understand. "Allow me." And the usual pump-handle ceremony was gone through.

By this time, as the crowd in the representative's parlors was threatening to assume the form of a mass meeting, and it was beginning to be difficult to distinguish objects for the tobacco smoke, we all turned to leave, and I found that the reconciled "Georgy" had been surreptitiously tacked on to our party by Buck. "Rich and aristocratic," whispered Buck to me, so that Dick might hear it. "Got two pretty sisters—influential, too." Then, aloud—"Let's go round to the Higgses."

Dick pulled up his collar, and, dropping his starchness of demeanor, offered George his tobacco box, which that young gentleman recoiled from as if it had been a venomous spider. And up went the eye glass again. Dick looked uncomfortable, and even angry; but here we were at the Higgses, and there was no time for ill temper. Besides, consider the day!

At the Higgses we encountered a more refined set, for they were not in the public line and could feel pretty sure of their visitors. Here Dick had calculated upon creating a sensation, for it was known that he was rather sweet upon Arabella Higgs, who rather favored him. As he turned, after charging his glass, to salute the young lady, he was somewhat taken aback to find that she had retreated to a sofa with that confounded youth, aforesaid "Georgy," whose poetic surname was Stubbs, and was too preoccupied to take notice of his compliment. In a fit of resentment, Dick smote his glass against ours with a force that rang out a peal of chimes, drank it off, filled another and drank that off, too; and then sat down on a chair in a corner, hugging his knee and swinging his foot quite nervously. As for Buck and myself, we were getting along famously with the girls, and had passed half an hour in rollicking chat, when Mister Stubbs arose with a yawn, stuck his eye glass in his eye, consulted his watch, and declared it about time to "adjourn."

"Humph! puppy!" growled Dick, very red in the face; "presume to prescribe for me! O, don't allow *me* to interfere with your pleasures," he added, filling a goblet with sherry to the brim. "I've getting along very well," and down went the sherry.

"Pray don't forget—we shall expect you, you know," said Miss Arabella, in her most flutelike tones, as she shook Mr. George's hand at parting. "Adieu, and mind."

"Delilah!" growled Dick, fairly crunching his teeth as we shambled off the steps, and tearing a neat kid glove with an audible rip.

We ran the gauntlet of several stylish families with equally singular results, and it was very remarkable that Dick, who had been so much in demand at former celebrations as to concentrate the attention upon himself, was in every instance completely cut out by the beardless youth, whom he now began almost to wish that he had shot at the outset instead of encouraging by an apology. On their round lay the dwelling of Mam'selle Coralie—the pretty coryphee of the opera and pet of the *coulisses*—where they were sure of meeting congenial company without airs or pretension, and where his repute as a patron had long since given him a ready entree. They would, probably, be treated to music, too—so different from the freezing civility of "stuck-up people." They were all there—the lovely Coralie herself and a corps de reserve of the charming sisterhood; and there also were some dozen admirers, lavishing those tributes which the gallant love to lay at the feet of beauty. The fair coryphee was redi-

aatly captivating as she rose at once, and, advancing a step or two, extended both hands to—Stubbs, who had stepped before Dick, and, seizing the lady's hands, carried them to his lips with chivalric fervor.

"Pardon. An old acquaintance," said Coralie, looking archly at George, while she still held one of his palms with familiar caressing, and at the same time offered her left little finger to Dick. He could at that moment have swallowed the short-sighted youth without salt, but he contented himself with a sarcastic retort, and proceeded to sample the Glard.

"*You* will try a glass of wine?" said Miss Coralie, with a look of languishing timidity at the diffident George.

"An air from the most charming of women would be a preferable substitute," he replied, with amazing effrontery.

Dick had supposed it would stop there, but it didn't. Quite the contrary. With a glance more gracious than ever the bewitching Coralie seated herself at the piano and warbled several pet airs, without seeming to be as much as aware of Dick's existence, who, for his part, having met with several professionals of his acquaintance, busied himself with the refreshments, mixing wines with punch, upsetting a pyramid of jelly into the oysters, and, for the first time in his life, refusing to honor a toast to "the fair sex, God bless 'em!" and actually having the audacity to offer as a return sentiment, "Our noble selves." Just as he was boiling over, the group at the piano rose, and he heard his demon, Stubbs, exclaim, in his affected way, as he tapped his little boot with his cane:—"'Pon honor, must tear myself away, however reluctant," and the deceitful Coralie reply:—"You hard-hearted creature! You take all our sunshine with you."

"Umph!" thought Dick, looking daggers at his fair friend, "will cry next I suppose. Wait for the next banquet—she'll find it plentifully stuffed with her own mottoes. As for *him*, he may travel alone henceforward, and I—I will abjure woman altogether. Wine—ha! ha! generous wine shall supply her place in this—this bosom. Stay; I've a better idea than that. I'll drag him along with me and get him drunk; send him home to his—ha! ha! to his mother, with a quart of punch under his jacket and a smell of cigars. She won't get over it or a twelvemonth."

"You are, really, the most provoking man," said a sweet voice at his elbow. "How long am I to keep holding your hat for you?"

It was Coralie, who had seen his friends at the door, and was waiting for him to go. He put on that emblem of manhood, and walked to the door with a dignity that would have been imposing if his course hadn't been somewhat diagonal, and as they descended the stairs, he heard something that sounded very much like a suppressed salvo of laughter. Worse—his hostess had followed them down, and as that insufferable Stubbs lingered behind for an instant to shake her hand, Dick's sharp ears caught the sound of a kiss. Fortunately, the slamming-to of the door preserved the laughing hostess from the confusion incident to an explanation.

Dick's theory did not work in practice. Spite of all he could do, the irrepressible Stubbs *would not* get drunk, while he himself was becoming every moment more mellow. He, by some means, got disembarrassed of his party, lost his card, and, wandering about at random, at one of the hotels fell in with an old boon companion—the President of the Fly-by-Nights—with whom, in the wee sma' hours he was seen by an acquaintance steering a somewhat devious course in the direction of his domicile.

Dick was lying in a very used up condition on his parlor sofa, on the following morning, when there came a ring at the hall bell—steps on the staircase, and voices expostulating. "Not at home, sir, I tell you!" "O, but he *must* be at home!" and, "Damme he *shall* be at home!"—such were the squabbling sounds which reached his ears as the footsteps drew nearer and several persons abruptly entered. Two were his chosen companions of the day previous; in the aggressive intruder, Stubbs, who was brandishing his cane and gesticulating furiously, while the others, assisted by the servant, were holding him back.

"Well, sir, to what am I indebted," began Dick, endeavoring to collect himself.

"This little fire eater," replied Buck, "insists upon it that you insulted him last evening, and wishes to fight."

"Of course; to gentlemen there can be but one refuge left when one's honor's insulted. There's my card, sir. You know what that means."

Dick took the card, tore it into fragments and threw it into the grate, then rushed upon Stubbs, seized his cane, pulled him upon his knees and was about to relieve his feelings by a sound castigation, when "George" uttered a shriek, his cap fell off, and a profusion of silky ringlets were scattered over his shoulders, revealing the animated but blushing features of his mischievous cousin, Bel!" BOB-O'-GOTHAM.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
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Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

R. F. S.—The seating capacity of the New York and London Theatres is as follows:—New York—Stadt, 3,015; Old Bowery, 2,462; Academy of Music, 2,265; Niblo's Garden, 2,078; Tammany, 1,934; Grand Opera House, 1,883; Booth's, 1,745; Wallack's, 1,618; Olympic, 1,625; French Theatre, 1,556; Wood's Museum, 1,339; New York, 1,284; Tony Pastor's, 1,194; Theatre Comique, 1,005; Waverley, 1,043; N. Y. Circus, 1,032; San Francisco Minstrel Hall, 915; Fifth Avenue Theatre, 884; Bryants' Minstrel Hall, 746. Total seating capacity of nineteen places, 29,666. London—Covent Garden, 2,750; Drury Lane, 2,615; Astley's, 2,350; Pavilion, 2,350; Britannia, 2,600; Princess', 2,140; Standard, 2,030; Grecian, 2,003; Surrey, 2,000; Haymarket, 1,850; Victoria, 1,960; Adelphi, 1,860; Lyceum, 1,725; Sadler's Wells, 1,360; Marylebone, 1,280; City of London, 1,400; Garrick, 1,100; Olympic, 800; Queen's, 980; St. James, 1,080; Strand, 750; New Royalty, 864. Total seating capacity of twenty-two theatres, 37,228. Her Majesty's Theatre seated 2,345.

DETECTIVE, Watertown, N. Y.—1. We do not consider that any one is justly entitled to that position. Most of the so called championship matters in that department of sport which have taken place of late years have borne the impress of fraud. 2. By express or post office order is the safest way. 3. No; any one desiring to contest for the championship must put up a reasonable amount of money, or the champion would be justified in declining.

ENGO FLY.—1. The first Atlantic cable was successfully landed upon the 6th of August, 1858, and the first public despatch—that of the Queen to the President of the United States—was received on the 17th of Aug. The great celebration was in the same year. 2. The Great Eastern made her first trip to this port in 1860, arriving off Sandy Hook at 7.30 A. M., on the 28th of June. 3. We think that one in Manchester is the largest.

NOVAK, Chicago.—That is the lady's right name. She is twenty-six years of age, and is not married, to the best of our knowledge. She is not one of the original troupe. She is engaged for one year from last September. The lady is old enough to take care of herself; therefore, we think she is not under the care of the parties you mention.

R. V. M., St. Louis.—You can accompany a circus troupe through the country and give your exhibitions in the vicinity of the show without the permission of the manager of said circus, but if you wish to go upon the same ground whereon the tents is pitched, you will have to get the manager's consent, as he hires the ground during the time he occupies it.

OLLEVER, Topeka, Ks.—1. Tom Allen was beaten by Posh Price, Bob Smith (the Liverpool darkey), and Charley Gallagher. 2. Take common cork, saturate it with alcohol, set fire to it and allow it to burn until the cork will powder. After powdering, saturate it with water to the consistency of paste, and apply with the hands.

A. M. M., Story Parr.—We have any truth in the report that Tom King, who fought John C. Heenan, is now, or ever has been a minister of the gospel?.....No; we denied the statement at the time of his first appearance. King follows the occupation of a bargeman, on the Thames, Eng.

CHIPS, Brooklyn.—"A cribbage, A plays a nine, B a seven, C a seven, a 'go' for D and A, and B plays an eight, claiming a run or sequence. Is he right?".....No. The pair of sevens broke it up. Had there been but one seven played then there would have been a sequence of three.

T. P. B.—1. A straight flush counts no more than a flush, unless previously agreed upon. 2. Billy Holmes, the comic singer, died suddenly, in Cincinnati, O., Aug 5th, 1866, of Asiatic Cholera. 3. Johnny Mack has performed at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in this city.

J. B., Bradford Junction, O.—1. The referee declared it a draw on account of darkness coming on. 2. Doherty was over-weight. 3. Tom Hyer fought Country McClusky and Yankee Sullivan. 4. Sullivan fought Hammer Lane, Vince Hammond, Tom Secor, Prof. Bell, Bob Caunt, Tom Hyer and Mornasey.

VAN.—1. Mr. Clarke has been connected with quite a number of the leading theatres. 2. Miss Longmore came to this country with the Simpson Pantomime Troupe and appeared at Wood's Museum. 3. It goes came from England, and first appeared here at Niblo's Garden in "After Dark."

J. W. A., Baltimore.—1. We cannot find the game you refer to in our files. The Irvington nine of 1867 and the Pastime nine of 1868 that probably took part in the game, was as follows:—Pike, c; Leonard, c f; Wolters, p; Bailey, r f; Lewis, l f; Sweasy, 2d b; Stockman, s s; Campbell, 1st b; Buckley, c.

JOHN, Newark, N. J.—1. Bill Poole was shot on Sunday morning, Feb. 25, 1855. He died March 4th, the ball being imbedded in his heart during that period. 2. Yankee Sullivan's right name is said to have been Frank Ambrose.

JACK ALL FOURS, Baltimore.—"M and R play a game of all fours of seven points. M and R score six points each, and it is M's turn to deal; M deals and turns up a Jack. Has R a right to beg, or does M go out by turning Jack?".....M goes out by turning up Jack.

ERASER SHADES, Brooklyn.—In case you go alone, and an opponent goes alone against you (which he has no right to do when you have taken the responsibility of the trump) and euchres you, he is only entitled to two points.

CAPTAIN HILL, Washington, D. C.—"A cribbage, A plays a tray, B a five, A an ace, B a six (fifteen-two). A a deuce, B a four, taking a sequence of six. A plays another tray and claims a sequence of six also. Is he right?".....Yes.

C. O. R., Mott Haven.—1. Forty years of age. 2. That is her name. 3. Cannot say about her having been in your city when you state. 4. It is the same Bill Eyall that came here from Europe with Tom Allen.

READER, Weymouth, Mass.—1. A holding high and low goes out before B, who holds Jack. 3. Chandler jumped 30 feet, the longest jump on record.

L. E. C., Hamilton, Nevada.—1. The caller has no operation and neither wins or loses. 2. The case being wrong, there is no application for the fees.

A SUBSCRIBER, Washington.—1. George is the best ball player in the profession. 2. The Olympics are a first-class club. 3. Powers ranks A No. 1. 4. The Southern club, of New Orleans.

L. P., St. Paul, Minn.—Jack Randall, the "Prime Irish Lad," otherwise known as the Nonpareil, was born in the neighborhood of St. Giles, London, Eng., of Irish parents, Nov. 25th, 1796.

J. SUMMER, Chatsworth.—In playing a four-handed game of euchre, should the player who goes it alone be euchred the adversary can score but two points.

PHILADELPHIA.—"At cribbage, A plays a deuce, B a five, A an ace, B a seven, A a tray, B a six and A a four, claiming a sequence of seven. Is it a proper claim?".....Yes.

BALTIMORE.—If the civil authorities were found to be insufficient to carry out the law, the power of the United States would be allied in to enforce its provisions.

AJAX, Providence.—After the trump card is turned B cannot claim the deal. He must be more vigilant in looking out for his turn to deal.

LEADER.—L. Deaf Burke arrived in New York in 1814, and returned to England in the early part of 1858. 2. He never fought Yankee Sullivan.

BASE BALLIST, St. Louis.—At a regularly called meeting of a club, the majority can dissolve the organization if they so desire. If you think you have been defrauded you had better consult a lawyer.

ATLANTIC.—It is more than likely that the nine of the Mutuals, now in New Orleans, or the most of them, will play next season with the club.

BUFFO, Albany.—G. V. Brooke was born April 25, 1818. Perished at sea January 11, 1866, bound to Australia. He was married to Avonia Jones.

C. WILLIAMS.—A deposit is requisite to ensure the insertion of your challenge.

SPORT, North Attleboro, Mass.—John C. Heenan is residing in this city at present.

ENQUIRER, Glendale, R. I.—The fastest one hundred yards time on record is 9½ seconds, made by George Seward.

H. H. H. & Co., Albany.—New York city proper does not contain a population of one and a half millions.

BECHER, Baltimore.—The Editor, *Examiner and Times*, Manchester, Eng., would be quite sufficient.

C. W., Rochester.—We know of no such work. One was published several years ago, but it has been long out of print.

J. W. F., Paterson, N. J.—No. He was assassinated, and Andrew Johnson occupied his position for the balance of his term.

X. A. M. B., Cincinnati.—We have no means of getting the information.

YOU, Reading.—Perhaps you had better give yourself no further trouble. Portions of your note we do not understand at all.

E. M. M., Worcester.—Collisay fairly won the fight through the foul handling of his opponent.

CONSTANT READER, Leavenworth.—B's low goes out before high, Jack, game, at auction pitch.

TAUNTON.—Both players having passed spades and hearts, the trump suit must necessarily be either diamonds or clubs.

W. D. B., Memphis.—We shall be pleased to hear from you each week concerning show news in your city.

J. T. F., Nashville.—Such matters have been attended to by a correspondent.

J. M. L., Great Falls, N. H.—Brown and Renforth have not rowed against each other, nor are they matched.

NOKY SMITH, Manhattan, Kansas.—We cannot fill your order, as we are not in that line of business.

J. W. M., Providence, R. I.—We appreciate your attention, but had a report already in type, hence the non-acceptance of yours.

QUAKER CITY.—Thank you; but we had a paragraph already in type, as you will see.

CONSTANT READER.—Longfellow is generally so considered, although opinions differ.

CONSTANT READER, Great Barrington, Mass.—The points for tricks are counted before those for best card, consequently N won.

W. H., Sedgwick Barracks, Washington, D. C.—Both ways are right, as a reference to Webster will explain.

JOCKEY, S. C.—Dexter is a trotter, not a pacer. His fastest time is 2:17¼.

OLD FIRE PLUG, Pittsburg.—We cannot tell you where you can get a greyhound pup.

J. McD., Kleinburg.—The decision of the majority of the judges governs the races; therefore Mr. Taylor's mare wins the money.

PAINTER, New Orleans.—1. He is known by his right name. 2. A matter of opinion merely.

FRANK, Washington.—The difficulty occurred on the pavement in front of the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

C. H. Y., Huntsville, Ala.—The *Commercial Advertiser* was established in 1794.

H. B.—The Grand Opera House seats 1,883, and Booth's Theatre 1,748.

A FRIEND, Petroleum Centre, Pa.—Joe Coburn was never defeated in a prize fight.

CONSTANT READER, Alliance, O.—He was in St. Louis when last heard from.

E. ERERLE, Pittsburgh.—The names you affix to your card are in one handwriting.

SPORT, Lynn.—High, game, counts before low, Jack, consequently A won.

FLIP FLAP, N. Y.—Advertising in the CLIPPER will be the better plan, decidedly.

C. B. D.—Pawtucket.—The Hanlon Brothers use glass decanters, while several others who do the same act use wooden ones.

POKER.—Guess not. Never saw or heard of its being done.

R. B.—Kelley and Chambers' last match was rowed on the Tyne.

NIC CARSON, Romney, Ill.—All bets were decided off on that fight.

F. D., Philadelphia.—We have no good likeness of him.

G. W. B., Greenpoint.—Charlotte Crabtree is the lady's name.

WALTER.—Jeddo is said to be the larger.

J. B. G., South Bend, Ind.—Thank you. We like to be kept posted.

FERNANDO FLEURY.—The advertisement costs $5.60.

C. W.—It will be issued soon as the holidays are over.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—1870.

Assuredly, of all the days in the year, that known as New Year's Day is marked by the most peculiar features, for it is like no other festival on record. It is the only festival in which all ages, classes and conditions join, and even those who fast upon "short commons" for the better part of the twelvemonth seem on this occasion to be mysteriously supplied with the means to keep up the legalized revelry. Every year about this time we hear, to be sure, a faint remonstrance from some Aminidab Sleek or Ephraim Smooth, and a rumor which we could never trace to its source, that some hapless Pillicoddy will serve up tea and toast or lemonade, in place of the usual refreshments wherewith visitors are wont to be encouraged and lukewarm friends propitiated, but the day is so generally celebrated nevertheless that the conspirators against its observance are not again heard of until the beginning of a succeeding January, and are ashamed to own that they were concerned in the attempt to introduce an innovation. In the celebration of the mysterious rites appropriate to "New Year's," the weather is altogether thrown out of account, although a clear, bright morning, is considered a happy omen, and an old-fashioned snowy day, with the pendant icicles glittering in the sunshine, and the sleigh bells jingling merrily from dawn till gloaming, is a godsend. Now, people of the forked integuments swarm in great coats and comforters in all the thoroughfares, and lovely woman is tabooed the *pare*. Each exhibits a broad smile of delight upon his ruddy countenance, accompanied in many cases with a look of relief,—as if to say, "Hah! *that* year's past and over! Isn't it jolly?" Commemorating an occasion like this, we meet our clergyman—even he; but the sanctimonious look has altogether fled his countenance, and the heightened color of his cheeks, and the unstudied smile upon his lips, show that for once the vigilance of the shepherd is removed from his sheep, while they also demonstrate that the lonely teatable of the Pillicoddys has less attraction for him than the sideboards of the ungodly. And he is not to blame. Can there be a more cheery sight than the drawing-room of the substantial citizen, who feels that the prosperity with which he has been favored deserves some recognition, and is inspired to impart a portion of his gladness to his fellows? Here all are welcome, and the spirit of *bon hommie* reigns supreme; and that there may seem to be no churlishness in the reception, the beauteous flowers of the household are deputed to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." They smile cheerfully over the martyrdom they are undergoing, and add exuberance to the spirits of their callers, whether they take coffee or wine. There is the inevitable young man who boasts at every place he comes to that he has a hundred calls on his card, and will go through the whole of them without ruffling a feather, while many, less methodical, get things mixed about noon, become oblivious of the order of calling at three, and are in an unpresentable, not to say hilarious condition long before bed-time. There is the old friend of the family, who is sure of his welcome, and goes over every familiar event of the year's intercourse with a zest that gives rise to any amount of laughter and enthusiasm. There is the funny man, who is an inseparable feature of every *conversazione*, and who pinches the younger ladies in the ribs, and drinks two or three times, on the wildest excuses, before leaving—when he carries away a vest pocket-full of mottoes, to be used as circumstances may warrant. There is the high-toned gentleman, who remembers distinctly the same occasion last year, the state of the weather, alludes to the opera and the fashions, and touches glasses with a freezing courtesy. Perhaps there occurs a hiatus of fifteen minutes, when all the ladies get up and romp, and laugh, and have a cut at the plum cake and confectionery; and paterfamilias peeps in and maks a dash at the decanter, and a ring comes at the door, and he chokes and cuts out again and the young ladies suddenly sink into their seats, stop laughing and look angelic, as enter the next caller, who helps them to look serious by reviving the recollection of all the friends who have died during the year preceding. Happy is the lady who boasts, in addition to her ordinary list, the acquaintance of a number of editors, literary lions and artistic celebrities, whose own receptions are of themselves the most delightful things of the day. Pleasant it is, too, to see how, for the nonce, even great statesmen, lawyers and bankers can unbend themselves, and delightful to observe the equanimity with which the alderman of your ward may look on at the wanton destruction of his carpets and his property, and shake the hands of the thousands who run him down, with hardly a chance to make a call himself. Does anybody imagine that the ladies are put out of sorts by the fatigue of receiving so many visitors? Listen to them after the duties of reception are over and you will hear them boasting of the number of visitors that have honored them. And haven't we known belles who had no visitors for their part, to send brother Tommy or Johnny out to draw 'em up? In this connection there rises an important question for early bachelors:—Will not the Women's Rights folks—the Brownies, the Blues and the Sorenoses—next year insist upon all of us keeping at home, and themselves doing the calling while we do the reception? The mere reflection is so appalling that we advise everybody to make the most of the New Year's Day that is passing, lest they might never have another opportunity. To-night, when the revelry is mostly over, there will still be an aditional ceremony to perform, when those whose withers are unwrung will count the cost and arrange the preliminaries for "taming over a new leaf" on the morrow; but a few days will pass and we shall find ourselves relapsing into the old routine, and once more making preparations for a similar celebration. Let us trust that there are "many of the same sort" yet before us, and that we may live to extend, on many an occasion like the present, the always welcome wish for "A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

DIGNITY.—An exchange, in speaking of the present style of ladies' dresses, says:—"There is no dignity and no real grace in the short costume and tight fitting jacket now worn by our fast young ladies." Jess so. But who ever saw a "fast young lady" who cared a pin for her "dignity" or grace either, for that matter? But then they're charming little "dears" for all that—ain't they?

A PRESENT TO THE PRESIDENT.—A forty pound "gobbler" was expressed to President Grant on December 22d, by a Poughkeepsie butcher, for Christmas demolition. The turkey was doubtless "hung in chains," was well bointed in "grease," and washed down with "sublime port." After a good dinner; "ah! then's" the time to have requests granted.

THE FIRST ANNUAL BALL of the Peter Burns Association will be given at Apollo Hall on New Year's Eve, December 31st. We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present.

CHRISTMAS.—What with the usual re-union around the parental dining tables, the interchange of keepsakes, the hanging of the stockings and the taking down of the same, the use and abuse of toys by the juveniles, the stuffing of children with sweets, and the older "boys" with things more substantial, and merry making generally, the day passed off in a lively and, as we say in "the profession," an "artistic" manner. The weather for two days previous to Christmas, as well as on the day, except a heavy fall of rain after sundown, was all that could be desired, and the hearts of shopkeepers were made glad thereby, in so far as it gave all an opportunity to make their purchases and "swing corners" dry shod, as it were. "They say" that business was not so brisk as it usually is in holiday times, but if we may judge from what we saw in the Bowery, Grand and other streets on the east side of town, we do not think that the business portion of the community have any reason to complain. The "dollar stores" were a perfect jam; in fact, a regular "jamboree," and fortunate were they who went early, and thereby avoided the great crush. Some few individuals missed Christmas by getting into our prisons and station-houses and remaining there until their obliviousness and Christmas had passed away together. Our next duty is to prepare for New Year's day celebration, to which end the united energies of our cosmopolitan population will be taxed to the utmost. Everybody will be interviewed on that day, and ladies should be particularly careful not to say anything they do not wish to see in print, for reporters are no respecters of persons, and gossip with them makes spicy "stuff" for their papers.

FUNNY IDEA.—Brother Beecher gets off some "queer yarns" sometimes. In a late sermon he is reported to have said—in speaking of a man who was "laboring under the conviction" that he had committed an unpardonable sin:—"He was very miserable about it, until one bright day the thought struck him that when he got to hell he would open a prayer meeting there." If such an event should transpire, and his Satanic majesty should be converted, would'nt Mr. B's occupation be gone—his mission ended? And if the king of the infernal regions, "where there's weeping and wailing," &c., were removed from his present abode, what would be done with the wicked ones of this earth? There'd be no place of punishment for them in the world to come. Then we'd enter upon the milennium, and there would be no more "marriage or giving in marriage," and every one might sing hallelujahs "for what they had been to each other."

AMERICUS CLUB.—The annual ball of this favorite New York Club, to which so many look forward with the most pleasurable anticipations, is set down for Thursday evening, Jan. 6th, and the Academy of Music has been selected as the scene of the festivities. Annually, three or four balls are given in this city which eclipse all others in the way of terpsichorean recreation and managerial liberality, and the ball given by the Americus is one of them. Wm. M. Tweed, Esq., who is President of the Club, is the leading spirit in all its movements, and to his energy, liberality, and popularity, much of the success attending the balls of the Americus may be credited.

POWERFUL PEOPLE.—An evening paper says:—"In Spain just now Prim is powerful; the Isabellians are powerful; the people are powerful." This seems as if the country was full of power. If so isn't Spain a powerful country? At all events there's a power of talk about it now-a-days. But it may be like the boy going through the woods—whistling to keep his courage up.

THE BOARD OF ASSISTANT ALDERMEN of this city has passed resolutions donating $500 each to forty-four clerks of committees for extra services, and another gentleman is to get $1,500 for the same services. Them's the kind of chaps to "clerk" for.

THE HEAD OF A CHINAMAN, well preserved, is reported as having been recently found in a chest of tea by a Chicago restaurant keeper. We always thought that the Celestials were a head on the tea question.

Squibs and Things.

—A city paper, in canvassing Spanish affairs, says:—"It has long been our opinion that the Prince of the Austrias, son of Isabella, might be fallen back upon as a last resort. He is a Bourbon to be sure, but a Bourbon is not necessarily bad." Don't think the bourbon is considered "bad" by many residents in this goodly city, though it is pretty sure many of them believe him "necessary." In fact, physicians have been known to order an occasional "rassel" with *the* bourbon. He generally manages to throw them, however.

—One of the speakers at a late woman's rights meeting held forth as follows—"I hain't got no husband and don't want none. Husbands is nuisances; I want fight. Husbands is good for nothing but to pay bills, and I never permit any bills to be presented. I fights 'em off." If that lady has any unoccupied time a friend of ours would like to engage her. He says if she will "fight the bills of" a "good thing" might be made of it.

—Mollie Morgan and Robert Jenkins, a couple of the "dusky" population of Nashville, Ky., recently joined their fortunes for better or "wuaser." Their "cards" "were sent around by a liveried footman on a silver tray." A "liveried footman on a silver tray" must be a nice thing to carry about.

—The following list of *o-bit-uary* appears in the *Detroit Free Press*: "Washawampantoveumpoo, a Chief of the Arizona Indians, is dead. Poor Washawfampantoveumpoo! There are no Washawfampantoveumpoos left who possessed the good heart of this Washawfampantoveumpoo."

—Herbert, the son of Count Von Bismark, is in a critical condition from having his head split open by a sabre stroke in a duel with a fellow student at Bonn. Anything but *bon* for Bonn we should say, and shows that nature's weapons are to be preferred to those of the deadly sort.

—The most important archæological discovery since Strack, of Berlin, found the Theatre of Bacchus, in 1862, has just been made by Dieterich, the Saxon architect, who, while conducting excavations in Athens, at his own cost, has found the site of the stachion of Lycurgus.

—A printing press used 4,000 years ago, stone books, ancient coins, etc., were exhibited in the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, New York, on the 20th instant, by Hon. J. S. Diehl, United States Consul to Java, in his lecture on Oriental and Bible Lands.

—A gentleman lately "involuntarily" "exchanged" a new hat for an old one in a barber's shop. He now gives notice that unless another exchange is made he will forward the letter found in the lining of the "old hat" to the wife of the gentleman who has the new one.

—The *Tribune* says:—"No steeples have been overthrown by the gales of the present month, but *ecclesiastical edifices* continue to manifest a lamentable weakness in the joints." If the joints are weak why not employ a carpenter to brace them a bit?

—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are after the Brooklyn dispensers of the lacteal fluid, which, it is said, they extract from dying bovines. Does the society claim the getting or disposing of the milk (?) cruelty to animals?

—$4,000 was the sum Richard Browne, Jr., of Monmouth, N. J., had to pay last week for breaking his promise with Lydia Ann Farry to become her "lord and master." Rather an expensive item for Poor Richard's almanac for 1870.

—Ex-Senator Latham, of California, has expended $50,000 in the purchase of books for his library. Wonder if he expects to live long enough to read them all? If he does, he'll "wear out" more than one set of "glass eyes."

—At a chess tournament in progress at Williamsburgh, Major Wernitch has won 17 games, and lost none; Baron Von Frankenberg won 10 and lost one; J. Kneff won 15 and lost 3; and W. Demuth won 11 and lost 8.

—"Florida asks for troops to maintain order in the state." If this isn't a mis-*state*-ment its a pretty *state* of affairs. Does any one know whether the *state*-ment of Florida's *states*-men can be relied upon?

—40 grandchildren and 31 great-grandchildren are the living offspring of Judge Ware, of Lewiston, Me., who is four score and one years of age. Rather hard-wear for the judge and his consort we should say.

—England now wishes the Alabama claims settled with as little delay as possible. The universal Yankee nation is agreeable thereto, and all the beef-eaters have to do is to "plank" down the "lashong."

—A half length portrait of President Grant, painted by N. B. Kittell, of this city, has been presented to the Mercantile Library Association by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt. It is considered an excellent likeness.

—The temperance men of Syracuse, N. Y., have determined to organize a "temperance political party." Temperance in politics would be a good thing, but honesty would be much "gooder."

—Ticket No. 24,789, which drew the $100,000 prize in the Ville de Paris lottery on Dec. 4th, is reported to have been drawn by C. H. A. Carter, American commission merchant, 5 Rue Auber.

—Cincinnatus, the President's favorite trotter, is to be modeled for the colossal equestrian statue of Grant by Bailey, the sculptor, and a studio therefor is being erected on the White House lot.

—The colored member of the South Carolina Legislature is known by the cognomen of John Thistle. Better be careful how you handle him, if you don't want to prick your fingers.

—Men, women and children were recently indicted at Wabash, Ind., for fishing, sewing, knitting, and blacking boots on Sunday, to the tune of about 100. What short-sighted far-i-sees.

—Jack Frost cut up several capers last week, in various regions, and treated very many with freezing coldness not in accordance with Christmas warm heartedness.

—George Francis Train wants $4,000 damages from the Cooper Union because the use of the lecture room was refused him after he had paid part of the rent in advance.

—Mrs. Rebecca Chavers died at Southampton, Va., on December 10th, at the age of 110, having been so fortunate as to have had hardly a day's sickness to the day of her death.

—Several black bears have visited the Marion, Va., region recently, and one of huge size was encountered within four miles by a hunter, who failed to slaughter Bruin.

—"Stump Orator of the Lord" is the rather profane title applied to the Chaplain of the Senate by the D. C. Bohemians. They, in retort, are styled "Devil's Pamphleteers."

—An Atlanta, Ga., lawyer received a counterpane as a fee from a lady in a divorce suit. That lady knew her biz.—It isn't every one who can get rid of two "panes" at once.

—Three young girls, enticed from New York by a man named Rohn, were taken from a house of bad repute in St. Louis on the 23d of Dec., and returned to their homes.

—It is reported that our good old uncle Samuel is about leasing the Peninsula of Samana for a naval station. What need has he of *so many* naval stations?

—Three hundred million dollars a year are required to support the government of the United States; two-fifths of the whole amount is for military and naval expenses.

—The Prince of Wales and party lately had a hunt on the estate of Earl de Gray, at Lundrick, Eng. The party numbered ten, and 1,175 head of game were captured.

—Gen. B. Bredan—of sharpshooter fame—is now in St. Petersburgh, manufacturing his breech-loading rifle, which has been adopted by the Russian Government.

—A family residence intended to surpass in magnificence any royal palace in Europe, is proposed to be built by Krupp, the Persian manufacturer of "big guns."

—The holders of claims against Mexico have been notified by Secretary Fish to present them to the Commissioner at Washington before the first day of April.

—At Los Angelos, Cal., the weather is colder than it has been for many years, and much damage has been done to fruit—particularly the young orange trees.

—Both branches of the California Legislature have memorialized Congress protesting against further grants of California land to the Southern Pacific railroad.

—A gin house full of cotton was burned at Walnut Bend, Tenn., on the 22d ult. If our gin houses were filled with cotton we should have fewer fires no doubt.

—96 lbs. of wild honey and comb over six feet long were taken from a single tree at Candia, N. H., recently. The sweets of life are abundant there, evidently.

—"Mad bull!" was the cry in the streets at Manhattanville on Dec. 24th, when four of 'em got loose in the street and were hunted and shot. Bully sport.

—A $150 night-dress was part of the wardrobe of the last bride in Gotham's upper tendom, it is said; also, that she was prepared for a fire during the night.

—George W. Doe and daughter recently skated from Suncook to Manchester, N. H., eleven miles, in one hour. By George, this is Doe-ing pretty well.

—The two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock was celebrated in this city on the 22d of December.

—Subscriptions have been opened in Paris for the relief of the Spaniards who have been forced by the French government to leave the country.

—The catch of muskrats in Minnesota has been much larger of late than for several years, and the fur business is more than usually lively.

—"A Pacific slope" is the California descriptive phrase of retiring from a sparring exhibition, when an opportunity for a set-to is offered.

—California claims the State Prison Campionship, on the ground of that institution having more inmates than any other in the country.

—Dr. Wm. Lewis, of Boston, was arrested a few days ago, in this city, for kidnapping his own daughter. And "thereby hangs a tale."

—The "Black Crook" is reported to have been more than outdone at the grand *bal masque* at the French Theatre last week.

—Tom Dent's saloon in Brooklyn was entered by burglars on Dec. 24th, and $500 worth of property damaged and appropriated.

—The Esquimaux say:—"A man with three wives in this world is sure of heaven in the next." "There's rest for the weary."

—Sarah Bedell, wife of the philanthropist, Peter Cooper, was buried on the 22d of December from All Souls' Church.

—2,500 ships have been made in Westboro, Mass., this year, the largest number ever made there in twelve months.

—Wissahicken Valley has been purchased by the Philadelphia Park Commissioners. It is to be used for a drive.

—The first street railway in Philadelphia, of five miles, was laid in 1857. There are now more than 200 miles.

—The new postal arrangement between Great Britain and the U. S. goes into effect on New Year's day.

—$300,000 a year is all the Dowager Marchioness of Westminster has for her support. Poor woman!

—230,000 frogs were sent from Vance to Paris by one dealer recently in three weeks and three days.

—The $1 store at St. Louis was burned on the 26th ult. Damage $500. A dolorous conflagration.

—$2,000 fine and one years' imprisonment is the punishment for bigamy in Delaware.

—100,000,000 is the estimated number of those who speak English, or try to do so.

—Higham, Mass., is credited with the oldest church in America. It was built in 1681.

—Tea comes from China to Chicago in fifteen days. Isn't it rather finely drawn?

—There are five ex-bank cashiers among the galley slaves at the Bagne, Toulon.

—A. Moon has been arrested in Sacramento, Cal., suspected of being a *luna*-tic.

—A centenarian, named Florence McCarthy, died in this city on the 20th inst.

—Immense quantities of iron ore have been found in Calaveras county, Cal.

—The Spanish gun-boat fleet was not fleet in getting to Fortress Monroe.

—Horses are being bought in New Jersey to be exported to Chili.

—Rosa Bonheur has, so far, received $150,000 for her pictures.

—A 739 lb. prize fat boy is reported as on exhibition in England.

—The population of San Francisco is estimated at 170,250.

—Boston has a colored clerk in the U. S. Revenue office.

THE RING.

JIM MACE vs. TOM ALLEN.

THEIR PROPOSED MATCH FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AND $10,000.

Mace Puts Up Five Hundred Dollars AND Calls on Allen to Cover it and Meet Him.

The more the subject of a match for the championship and ten thousand dollars between those celebrated exponents of the art fistique, Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England, and Tom Allen, Champion of America, is agitated the greater becomes the excitement occasioned thereby in sporting circles, and the columns of the daily and weekly papers are eagerly scanned in search of fresh intelligence regarding it. This indicates the very general interest felt in the proposed match—an interest arising from the high estimation in which the principals are held as boxers, and which is by no means confined to those who at all times give their support to ring encounters. Mace is a man who for years has been looked upon as the most scientific and in every way accomplished artist with the hands in the world, bringing with him a brilliant record; while Allen, though having fought well several times in merrie England, has gained the most of his reputation since his arrival in this country, his performances stamping him as an out-and-outer, and although developing less skill than is credited to Mace, proving his fighting qualities to be of the very first order. The presence of two such men in our midst naturally gave rise to a universal desire to see them exercise their superior powers upon each other, and a breach having been opened by the defiant blast from the newly-fledged champion, the public were quick to seize the opportunity thus afforded to bring about a meeting between them, which efforts are likely to prove successful, providing one man is as willing as the other. That Mace is determined in the matter, and intends to stand up to everything he has said, is attested by the communication which we publish below and which he left in person at our office on the 27th ult., at the same time putting up five hundred dollars of his own money for Allen to cover, if he means to make good his challenge to the world. The reason assigned by Mace for declining to accede to Tom's proposition to meet at Pittsburgh is all sufficient, and cannot be objected to with reason; while his offer to defray one-half of the expense incurred by Allen in making the journey hither is characterized by the utmost fairness. If Allen's friends are willing to back him for the amount named, then all not, we feel confident, offer any objection to this proposal; if they do, the public will certainly conclude that Sir Thomas made a leap in the dark when he sent forth his loud-sounding challenge, and caught a Tartar

as accident through a fall which nearly cost him his life. His spine was so badly injured as to make it almost impossible for him to move. We understand that he is gradually improving, which will be good news for his friends.

THE VALUABLE TROTTING STALLION Billy Lockwood, who had done his half mile in 1:13½, and for which the offer of $6,000 at the last Buffalo meeting was declined, died in Detroit on the 18th ult.

BILLIARDS.

THE "OPENING" AT NEIL BRYANT'S.—There was a grand gathering of the leading metropolitan amateurs and experts at 1,260 Broadway on the night of the 23d ult., the occasion being the opening, by Neil Bryant, of a charming billiard room containing seven Standard American tables. Although not as large as Chris or Joe O'Connor's, Neil's place is, at least, as handsome as either. Such was the opinion of upwards of a thousand people who, in the course of the night, inspected its Games were played by Messrs. Phelan, Benjamin, Stone, Daly, Britton, Humphrey and others, and the "opening" was, in all respects, what everybody had predicted it would be—a grand affair, and withal very substantial in a pecuniary sense.

THE CHAMPIONS OF WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS MATCHED.—Adam Kieser, champion of Wisconsin, and Frank Parker, champion of Illinois, who have once already crossed cues (in 1863, when Parker won), have entered into a match for $200, as the appended correspondence shows:—

CHALLENGE.

Having understood that Adam Kieser, champion of Wisconsin, would play me a match game of billiards for $100 or $200 a side, I hereby challenge him to play me a match game of 1,200 points up, push shot barred, caroms counting three, on a second size four pocket table, for $100 or $200 a side. Will allow him $25 for expenses if the game is played in Chicago, or I will take the same if played in Milwaukee; winner to take all and pay all. The game to be played at any time to suit Mr. Kieser's convenience. An early reply from the Wisconsin champion will be the means of bringing on a match forthwith. FRANK PARKER.

REPLY.

PLANKINTON HOUSE, Milwaukee, Dec. 16, 1869

SIR OF WISCONSIN.—I notice the published challenge of Frank Parker in the Chicago *Tribune*, of Dec. 11, 1869, and accept the same on his stated terms, for $100, "play or pay." Game to be played in this city at the Plankinton House Billiard Room, or in some public hall, on the 1st day of February next. Stakes to be put in the hands of Messrs. W. D. Fox & Co., proprietors of the Plankinton House. ADAM KLESER.

STONE AND HEWINS.—The pending match at French caroms between George Stone, of Norwich, and M. H. Hewins, of Hartford, is the subject of much discussion. The game, which is to be played in New Haven on the 4th inst., is 800 points up, Stone giving Hewins 60 for a round stake of $600. Stone's chances are thought very well of, but he is a novice at match playing, while Hewins is a veteran.

DANIELS AND FOSTER.—The mighty are fallen somewhat and it has been proposed, in view of the creditable exhibition Daniels made a few days ago, while playing Foster, that a match of 1,500 points be made between them.

INFRINGEMENT.—Phelan & Collender have instituted suit against a Chicago manufacturer for infringement of their cushion right.

UNDER THE WEATHER.—Ever since his return from the west, Michael Phelan has been seriously ill, the result of a heavy cold caught in a sleeping car. He was out on the night of the 23d, but after playing a short game at Bryant's, had to return home. That the veteran will speedily recover, so as to inaugurate the New Year happily, is generally and heartily hoped for.

THE DIAMOND CHAMPIONSHIP.—Deery and Dion were to have played in San Francisco on the 24th for the diamond one and the $1,000, but, as the result has not come over the wires we are led to believe that the contest did not take place. Dion is there, however, and in good health.

ACCIDENT TO JULIUS BALKE.—The vivacious and altogether irrepressible Julius, of Cincinnati, met with a serious accident while out riding recently. His leg was broken in two places.

THE BENJAMIN DISPUTE.—We learn that Michael Phelan has made up his mind as to the merits of the dispute between Hewins and Benjamin over their game in Portchester, and that his decision will appear in the January *Billiard Cue*.

DOUBLING UP.—Joseph Dion, no longer a match billiard player, is about to turn his attention to housekeeping. In other words, he is going to get married. We hope the pockets will be kept well filled, so that the enterprise will not prove hazardous.

A BOUT AT BILLIARDS occurred at Lincoln, Neb., on Dec. 13th, we are informed, for $25 a side, five hundred points up, between P. M. Atwood and J. Thompson, which the former won by 124 points, with an average of —. Fred. E. Smith was referee.

CYRILLE DION, the billiard expert, had arrived at San Francisco at last advices, and was announced to play a match with John Deery on New Year's day.

AT LONGSTAFF'S BILLIARD SALOON in Brooklyn, Charles Edwards was accidentally shot on Dec. 23d, and died on the 24th. Fortunately for his relatives his life was insured for $10,000.

BILLIARDS IN THE NEW DOMINION.—Charles and Adolph Eziner had a bout at billiards, 300 points up, caroms, push and crotch barred, on December 22d, which the former won by 36 points, with an average of 25, at Hamilton, C. W. Adolph, the loser, who made the highest run, 99, is only fourteen years old, and can be backed for $100 or upwards against any boy of the same age in the United States or Canadas. This *deft* is good for a month. Address P. Eguer, Hamilton, C. W.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

Since our last the weather has been quite changeable in this vicinity. Rain and soft weather has had the best of the ice King the most of the time, and the skaters have had to be content with what they could catch. Nevertheless, everything considered, the past week afforded many occasions where the steels could be used. As yet, Macmillan's Open Rink has been the only pond where Jack Frost has put in an appearance. The patrons of this favorite resort, therefore, have had the best of it so far. The ice has been in pretty fair condition, and the attendance quite large. On Christmas day there was a great rush—so large, in fact, that the ice had to be cleared about noon. The thermometer fell rapidly during the afternoon, and at night a shower of rain fell. Rain continued to fall on the following day (25th) and at the present writing the weather is quite mild.

The Central Park ponds are covered with ice, but it will require considerable continuous cold weather to put them in condition to receive the public. All the rinks in this vicinity have made ice, but, owing to the mild weather, have been unable to keep it.

Miss Carrie Augusta Moore commenced a short engagement at the Oswego Rink on the 27th.

The skating in Boston during the past week has been very good. Lafayette, the champion of Canada, and J. H. Murch, of Cleveland, are at the Rink in that city.

A Bostonian, who is a chess player, offers to skate any man a game of chess on the ice. Where is Eugene B. Cook, of Chess-nut fame?

The Philadelphians have had only one day's skating this season.

Buffalo Skating Rink. On Tuesday, 21st ultimo, the Buffalo Skating Rink was thrown open to the public for skating for the first time this season. The rink contains about 16,000 square feet of ice, and it was in excellent order for the occasion, which was taken advantage of by nearly 250 skaters, male and female. Kehr's mill band was in attendance, and added considerable interest to the affair.

On the Whitneyville Pond, near New Haven, on the 24th Charles French, a member of the Sophomore class of Yale College, was drowned. Young French was skating with his little sister, whom he was pushing before him on a sled. The ice broke, submerging him and his sister. The girl was saved.

Harry Seitz, a German boy of sixteen, visited the house of Mrs. Wehowski, in Allegheny City, Penn., Christmas day, to ask a young Miss to the skating park. She gave him no decided answer. He declared that if she would not go he would shoot himself, flourishing a pistol at the time. Shortly afterwards the boy was found shot in the forehead.

Our Cincinnati correspondent writes that the Rink at that place was frozen, and skating was advertised for Christmas. The programme is to have no professionals this season. Ice had also formed on the Union pond, and skating was expected to begin on the same day.

BASE BALL.

TOUR OF THE MUTUAL CLUB.—THEIR FIRST GAME WITH THE CREOLES.—The departure of the Mutuals for New Orleans was announced in our last issue. They arrived at their destination on the 24th. On Sunday, 26th ult., they played their first game, the celebrated Southern club being opposed to them. The ground was in bad condition and the weather cloudy and disagreeable. The game was well played, especially by the Mutuals. The clubs assembled their respective sides, advanced to the centre of the grounds, shook hands, and after a pleasant interchange the game began. The following is the score by innings:

Mutuals	6	0	6	14	8	1	5	2	0—42
Southerns	0	3	1	1	2	0	1	3	5—16

GOSSIP.—Martin and Jewett, it is said, have joined the Haymakers.....The Athletics have secured two first-class players for their nine next season. Cuthbert will probably go to Chicago. Moran will play with a Patterson club. Phiser and Sensenderfer will stay with the Athletics.....The base ball players of Boston, at the late municipal election, controlled some three thousand votes, and elected every one of their candidates, including Mayor Shurtleff, and defeated every alderman who was opposed to playing base ball on the Common.....The Chicago papers say that no players have yet been engaged for their new club, and that the services of the old players is only guess work.....The Keystones of Philadelphia, are making strenuous efforts to put a strong professional nine in the field next season.

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.—The Russian Club held a meeting on the 14th ult., when the following officers were chosen to serve six months:—President, L. Meyerback; Vice-President, F. Folkes; Secretary, C. Holden; Treasurer, G. Bibby. Directors—J. Benevedes, P. Ryar, E. Farrell, and J. Stokes. Captain of the First Nine, M. La Grange.....The Young Cosmopolitans have elected the following officers:—M. Thorndike, President; Wm. Buen, Captain; Charles Newell, Treasurer; Thomas Douglas, Secretary.....The game between the Pioneer and Baltic Clubs, on the 11th, resulted as follows:—Baltic, 50; Pioneer, 23..... The Baltic beat the Neptune by thirteen runs on the 12th.....The Enterprise and Occident Clubs played a match on December 11th. Six innings only were played, on account of darkness. The score was:—Enterprise, 30; Occident, 12.....The Filbert and Emerald clubs met on the 11th. The latter was victorious by nine runs.....A match game was played on December 12th between the Exempt and City Front clubs, the former proving triumphant by a tally of 46 to 31.

MATCH FOR £40.—J. Liddell, of Knightswood, and Ar Cuthbertson, of Glasgow, Scotland, played a match at quoits, for £20 a side, on December 4th, at the latter place. It was the usual Scotch game, viz., 61 shots up, 21 yards distance, stiff sticking clay ends, pins level with clay, all clay cleared away at measurement, and quoits nearest top of pin only to count. Liddell won by 44. His quoits weighed 15½ lbs., while those of his opponent weighed 16¼ lbs.

PEDESTRIAN.—Dick Manks (the Warwickshire Antelope and G. Frost (the Suffolk Stag) contended at Barking road, Essex, Eng., to run one mile, wheel a coach-wheel one mile, walk forward one mile, wheel a wheelbarrow one mile, hop 200 yards on one leg, kick up 100 stones a yard apart, leap 50 hurdles 3 feet high and 10 yards apart, and throw 26 56lb. weights over the head, for £25 a side.

AQUATICS.

PRESENTATION TO WALTER BROWN.—We extract the following from *Bell's Life* of Dec. 11th:—Previous to the departure of Walter Brown, the American sculler, to his native country, an opportunity was taken, though almost at the last moment, to present him with a testimonial, expressive of the good will of the people of Tyneside during the short time he had been amongst them. The presentation consisted of a handsome gold lever centre-seconds stop-watch, on the inner dome of which was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Walter Brown, champion sculler of America, by his friends and admirers of Tyneside, in appreciation of his straightforward and manly conduct during his visit to Newcastle, December 7th, 1869." The proceedings in connection with the presentation took place on Tuesday evening last, at J. Brown's, Bienheim House, Newcastle. The company included W. Southern (in the chair), W. E. Franklin (vice chair), together with the guest of the evening, and Messrs. Harry Clasper, James Taylor, W. Blakey, M. Taylor and other patrons of aquatics. The chairman presented the testimonial in a neat speech, to which W. Brown made a suitable response. Several toasts, interspersed with some good songs, were given, and a pleasant evening was afterwards spent. On the following (Wednesday) morning, Brown left Newcastle for Liverpool, where he will embark on the 16th inst. for New York.

THE COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB, at their regular meeting at their club rooms, foot of West Fifty-seventh street, on the evening of the 21st of December, elected the following officers for A. D. 1870:—Commodore, C. F. Tompkins; Vice Commodore, John S. Gage; Treasurer, G. W. Osborne; Secretary, Wm. W. Gage; Measurer, Benjamin F. Adams; Trustees, J. Harrington, D. E. Dyke, John Snare, Wm. H. Rowe, F. J. Papist; Finance Committee, J. A. Weaver, Theunis Speer, Wm. Greenhall.

SPEEDY CLIPPERS.—The quickest trips by sailing vessels from Japan to San Francisco were made in 1866 and 1867 by the bark Archibald and ship Cordilleras, the time in each case being twenty-five days.

THE SHORTEST TRIP ON RECORD from New York to Brazos, Texas, is credited to Capt. Jordan's schooner, Carrie. Time, fourteen days.

A BASE BALL.

THE FAST SISTERS ON THE LOOSE.

A NIGHT WITH A FRAIL THOUGH HARD PARTY.

What is called the "Societie des Bals d'Artistes" gave their annual ball d'opera at the French Theatre on Wednesday night, Dec. 23d, 1869, of which the *World* gives the annexed report. Disgraceful as the affair must have been, were announcement made of its repetition we have no hesitation in saying that no hall in New York would be large enough to accommodate the throngs that would seek admittance to the lascivious show. The scenes which took place about the entrance of the French Theatre, when the "artistes" commenced to arrive, were sufficiently indicative of the character of the entertainment. At 11 o'clock there were about a thousand men and boys there congregated, forming an impenetrable jam, through which the police kept open a narrow avenue for the masqueraders to pass from the coaches to the door. This crowd was manifestly made up of the two *sui generis* types of character which in this city have received the appellation of "loafers" and "counter jumpers."

The inability to buy a ticket of admission, and the overpowering desire to see women disporting themselves in semi-nude attire and unprotected by any of the doubts which attach to their characters in ordinary street life, brought these moon-calves together on a wet and chilly night, to stand for hours in the street to catch a passing glimpse of a stockinged leg or a bare arm, and to shout their ribald criticisms in the full immunity of fellowship. It was enough for them that the women came unattended. Every mask that stepped from her coach was beset by hoots and yells and the vile wit of shallow-brained ruffians, or the criticism of the staring counter-jumpers. There was also the chance open to the rougher members of this assemblage of ultimately getting into the ball without paying. They had no well-defined plan, but they felt instinctively that when their own passions had been sufficiently aroused, and when the later scenes inside had grown tumultuous, they could knock the doorkeeper's hat over his face, and go brawling in like wolves.

The dancing commenced at 11 o'clock. At that time the floor, extending from the edge of the dress-circle to the extreme limit of the stage, presented a curious spectacle. Probably there were a hundred masked women present, among five hundred masked and unmasked men. These women were dressed in fancy costumes, nearly all selected with a view to expose as much of the person as possible. By far the greater number wore trunk hose and fleshings; but many were attired in the short skirts of the ballet, with some attempt at bayadere and daughter of the regiment in the bodice and trimmings. Here and there a woman wore trailing skirts of rich material, and flashed her diamonds in the gaslight as she swung the train about. There was no attempt on the part of the men to assume imposing or elegant disguises. The cheapest dominoes, and generally nothing more than a mask, afforded them all they wanted—the opportunity to carry on a bravado and promiscuous flirtation with these women.

That part of the family circle tier which faces the stage was given up to the musicians. The rest of the gallery was crowded with spectators. The boxes below were all taken up, the occupants being mainly maskers overlooking the dance. But the proscenium boxes, and notably the two lower ones on either side, were filled with a crew of coarse-featured, semi-officious looking roughs, who might be politicians or gamblers or deputy sheriffs or cut-throats, or all, but who, at all events, had no intention of dancing, and had hired these boxes with the one view of having a good time at the expense of the women, the managers, and, if necessary, the public peace itself. They were crowded in; some of them stood up and smoked cigars; all of them kept their hats on; one or two were burly beasts, who glared upon the half-exposed women on the floor with a stolid interest that could only be heightened and intensified by some outrageous departure from the seemliness of simple enjoyment. They have their fellows on the floor, to whom they shout and telegraph. They have liquor in the boxes, and they use it with a show of conviviality to increase their recklessness.

At 12 o'clock there is a jam; most of the crowd outside has got in by some means; the floor is a mass of people.

Enough liquor has now been swallowed to float recklessness up to the high-water mark. There is another fight going on in the vestibule. One of the women has been caught up by the crowd and tossed bodily into the proscenium box, where she is caught and dragged by half a dozen brutes in over the sill and furniture in such a manner as to disarrange as much as possible what small vestage of raiment there is on her. The feat awakens general enjoyment. Men and women below vent their coarse laughter at the sorry figure she cuts, and at the exposure of her person. Presently the trick is repeated on the other side. A young woman, rather pretty, and dressed in long skirts, is thrown up, and falls back into the arms of the crowd, who turn her over, envelop her head in her own skirts, and again toss her up temporarily denuded. The more exactly this proceeding outrages decency, the better it is liked. One or two repetitions of it occurred which exceeded the limits of proper recital.

The women were bundled into the boxes and there they were fallen upon by the crew of half drunken ruffians, and mauled and pulled and exhibited in the worst possible aspects, amid the jeers and laughter of the other drunken wretches upon the floor. One, a heavier woman than the rest, is thrown out of the box and falls heavily upon the floor. She is picked up insensible by the police and carried out. There is not a whisper of shame in the crowd. It is now drunken with liquor and its own beastliness. It whirls in mad eddies round and round. The panting women in the delirium of excitement; their eyes, flashing with the sudden abnormal light of physical elation, bound and leap like tigresses; they have lost the last sense of prudence and safety. Some of them are unmasked, and reveal the faces of brazen and notorious she devils, who elsewhere are cut off by edict from this contact with the public; a few of them are young, and would be pretty but for the lascivious glare now lighting their faces and the smears of paint which overlay their skins; all of them are poisonous, pitiable creatures, suffering now with the only kind of delirium which their lives afford, rancorous, obscene, filthy beauties, out of the gutter of civilization, gone mad with the license of music and the contact of men, and beset by crowds of libidinous and unscrupulous ninnies who, anywhere else, would be ashamed of their intimacy, or roughs to whom this kind of a ball affords the only opportunity to exercise the few animal faculties that are left to them.

M. Mercier, the director, stands in the middle of the floor, and shouts to the musicians to go on. For it isn't safe for them to stop. Whenever they do there is a fight. One stalwart beauty, in bare arms, has knocked down a young man in the entrance way, and left the marks of her high heels on his face. She would have kicked the life out of him while her bully hell him down, if a still stronger policeman had not flung her like a mass of offal into a corner. There she is picked up, and, backed by a half dozen of her associates, pushes and strikes promiscuously, and the dense crowd about her push also and strike, and sway here and there, and yell and hiss and curse, until the entire police force in the place drag out a score of them, and then the rest go on with the dancing, between which and the fighting there is so little difference.

The few French women who came as spectators, and occupied the seats in the family circle, went away long ago. They were probably respectable. On the floor one sees at intervals well-known men, who either were deceived by the announcement of a *bal d'opera*, or were too smart to be deceived by anything of this sort. A few newspaper reporters, looking on with stoical eye; here a prize fighter, and there a knot of gamblers: here an adolescent Alderman, dancing with a notorious inmate of the police courts; here a deputy sheriff, too drunk to be anything but sick and sensual. Now the cancan commences. But it comes without any zest, for all of its peculiarities have been indulged in long before. It is no longer a dance at all, but a wild series of indecent exposures, a tumultuous orgie, in which one man is struck by an unknown assailant; and his cheek laid open with a sharp ring, and his white vest and tie splashed with blood, give a horrible relief to the figure in that dance.

There is an evident fear on the part of the ball officials that matters will proceed too far. They endeavor to prevent the women from being pulled up into the boxes by laying hold of them and pulling them back, in which struggle the women are curiously wrenched and disordered, and the men in the boxes curse and laugh and shout, and the dancers, now accustomed to the spectacle, give it no heed whatever.

If there is anything in the behaviour of the women that is at all peculiar to the eye of an observer who is not familiar with the impulses and the manifestations of them in this class, it is the feverish abandonment into which drink and other excitements have driven them. If is not often that a common bawd, without brains or beauty enough to attract a passing glance, thus has the opportunity to elicit volleys of applause from crowds of men; and, without stopping to question the value of it, she makes herself doubly drunk with it.

If to kick up her skirts is to attract attention—hoop la! If indecency is then the distinguishing feature of the evening, she is the woman for your money. So she jumps rather than dances. She has a whole season of lascivious motions, fashioned quickly, which outdo the worst imaginings of the dirty minded men who applaud her. She springs upon the backs of the men, she staggers, she kicks off hats. She is a small sensation in herself and feels it, and goes about with a defiant and pitiless recklessness, reigning for a few brief hours over the besotted men who feel a fiend's satisfaction in the unnatural exhibition.

To particularize to any greater extent would be to make public the habits and manners of the vilest prostitutes in their proper haunts, where, out of the glare of publicity, they may, and probably do, perfect themselves in the indecencies most likely to catch the eyes of men little better than themselves, but which, thus brought together under the gaslight of the public chandelier is, to the healthy man, like the application of the microscope to some common article of food then found to be a feculent and writhing mass of living nastiness. That respectable foreigners were induced to attend the ball by the representations made by the managers is certain. That they were outraged by what took place is beyond all doubt.

To suppose a man deceived as to the character of the entertainment, and to go there and mingle with masked ladies, who for a while ape the deportment of their betters, is to suppose a sensation for him at once startling; for when the richly dressed ladies doff their masks he finds himself surrounded by a ghastly assemblage of all the most virulent social corruption in our civilization; dowagers turn out to be the fluffy and painted keepers of brothels; the misses sink into grinning hussies, who are branded on the cheeks and forehead with the ineradicable mark of shame; and the warm and coy pages, whom at the worst he might have supposed to be imprudent or improvident girls, stare at him with the deathly-cold implacability of the commonest street-walkers—those, in fact, who glory in their shame, and whose very contact is vile to anything with a spark of healthy moral or physical life in it. If, indeed, they had lain off their sickly flesh with their masks, and gone grinning and rotting round the brilliant hall in their skeletons, the transformation could not have chilled your unsuspecting man with a keener horror.

But is is safe to say the unsuspecting were few indeed. At 2 o'clock this curious spectacle was at its height. All about the Institute, and on the stairs, and in the cloak rooms, and through the narrow, tortuous passages leading to the stage dressing-rooms were vile tableaux of inflamed women and lusty men, banging brutality and obscenity. The animal was now in full possession of its faculties. But, just as the orgie is bursting into the last stage—a free fight—when the poor creatures in their hired costumes are ready to grovel in the last half oblivious scenes, the musicians rattle off "Home, Sweet Home," with a strange, hurried irony, and the managers, with the same haste, turn of the gas of the main chandelier, and the bal d'opera is at an end.

GYMNASTICS IN THE QUEEN CITY.—The Young Men's Gymnastic Association of Cincinnati, O., gave an exhibition at Mozart Hall, on the 17th of Dec., a large number of ladies and gentlemen being present. Messrs. Thompson, Strauss and Hinchman displayed their proficiency in the Indian club exercise, and then came the zouave drill of Company B, under Captain Young. Evolutions, the peculiar posturing of this picturesque military organization, and the manual of arms, were exhibited with admirable skill and effect, and were rewarded by a hearty round of applause. The double trapeze act by Messrs. Cannon and Askren followed. The trapeze was suspended nearly thirty feet from the stage, and the performers "skinned the cat," and swung by each other's hands and feet in a fearless, graceful manner. C. R. Askren performed his double somersault during the spring board exercises of the gymnasts, and won much applause. A bayonet encounter, after the zouave manual by James McDonald and E. C. Miller, was well received and heartily applauded, and then followed exercises on the parallel bars by Messrs. Bossard, Jones and Norton, the "Statue Brother Act," by Cannon and Askren, and feats on the horizontal bar by Strauss, Cutter, Norton, Jones, Askren and Bossard. The tableau of "The Soldier's Dream," taken from Campbell's touching poem of that name, closed the entertainment, and redeemed that feature of it from failure.

EDBROOK TO MESSENGER.—E. F. Edbrook, champion velocipedist of England, whose challenge to A. P. Messenger for a home-and-home match was recently published, called at our office on the 24th ult., and requests us to say that he will not make a match to contest for a belt, as proposed by Messenger, considering that it would not repay him for the trouble. He regards it as very strange that the latter cannot find money for a match (believing inability to do so to be the cause of his refusal), after talking so much of taking a trip to England expressly to "get on," but that as soon as the New Yorker can secure backers, he (Edbrook) will be prepared to make a match for a reasonable sum—as much as Messenger wishes to contest for.

A CANINE VS. A CANON.—At Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, as the gun for reveille and evening roll call is fired each day, a dog belonging to the post, and known as "Artillery Jack," takes his position beside it, superintends the operation of loading and firing with the most assiduous attention, and when the match is applied, leaps with a yelp through the smoke to catch the ball, which he firmly believes has been discharged. This he eagerly hunts for around the parade ground, and when disappointed, he runs back to the gun, looks into the muzzle, hangs his head and walks away seeming puzzled and disgusted, but not hopeless.

THE SECOND DEPOSIT, OF $100 a side, in the match between Billy McLean and Jim Edgils was posted at the saloon of Corrigan and Hickey, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, Dec. 20th. Mac was in the city a couple of days last week, and looks hale and hearty.

Chick in the Egg.

The hen has scarcely set on the egg 12 hours when we begin already to discover in it some lineaments of the head and body of the chicken that is to be born. The heart appears to beat at the end of the day; at the end of 48 hours two vesicles of blood can be distinguished, the pulsation of which is very visible.

At the 50th hour an auricle of the heart appears, and resembles a lace, or noose, folded down upon itself.

At the end of 70 hours we distinguish wings, and on the head two bubbles for the brain, one for the bill, and two others—one for the forepart and the other for the hind part of the head. The liver appears towards the 5th day.

At the end of 131 hours the first voluntary motion is observed.

At the end of 138 hours the lungs and stomach become visible; at the end of 142 the intestines, the loins and the upper jaw.

The 7th day that which was slimy begins to have consistence.

At the 190th hour of incubation the bill opens and the flesh appears in the breast. At the 194th the sternum is seen; that is to say, the breast bone.

At the 210th the ribs come out of the back; the bill is very visible, as well as the gall bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of 236 hours, and if the chick is taken out of its covering, it evidently moves. The feathers begin to shoot towards the 240th hour, and the skull becomes grisly.

At the 264th hour the eyes appear.

At the 288th, the ribs are perfect.

At the 331st, the spleen draws near to the stomach, and the lungs to the chest.

At the end of 355 hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; and at the end of 451 hours, or the 18th day, the first cry of the chick is already heard—it afterwards gets more strength, and grows continually, till at last it sets itself at liberty by opening the prison in which it was shut up. Adorable wisdom of God! it is by so many different degrees these creatures are brought into life. All these progressions are made by rule! and there is not one of them without sufficient reason. No part of its body could appear sooner or later, without the whole embryo suffering, and each of its limbs appear at the most proper moment. This ordination so wise, and so invariable in the production of the animal, is manifestly the work of a Supreme Being.

IT IS A GREAT MISTAKE to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows the more jealously or scrupulously she exacts love to the uttermost farthing.

AN OLD PICTURE represents a king sitting in state, with a label, "I govern all"—a bishop with a legend, "I pray for all"—a soldier with a motto, "I fight for all"—and a farmer, drawing forth reluctantly a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all." There is more truth than poetry in the idea.

MOUTH.—An useless instrument to some people in its capacity, by the organs of speech, of rendering ideas audible; but of special service to them in its other capacity, of rendering victuals invisible.

AMUSEMENTS.

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having been recently handsomely refitted, will be rented at $15 per night.
The hall will comfortably seat three hundred persons.
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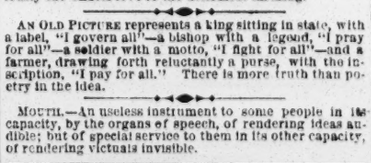

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Allen, Pettengill, 8 o'clock. 9:30, Nicodemus Johnson
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Allen, Pettengill, 8 o'clock. 9:30, Shoo, Fly; Shoo, Fly
Allen, Pettengill, 8 o'clock. 9:30, Shoo, Fly; Shoo, Fly
Allen, Pettengill, 8 o'clock. 9:30, Shoo, Fly; Shoo, Fly
Allen, Pettengill, 8 o'clock. Shoo, Fly; shoo, Fly
Delehanty, Hengler, Minstrels, Nicodemus Johnson
Delehanty, Hengler, Minstrels, Ladies' Killers
Delehanty, Hengler, Minstrels, Ladies' Killers
Delehanty, Hengler, Minstrels, Old Debts Revived
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THE ARK ON THE SANDS.
ACT SECOND.
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THE STORM AND 5TH WRECK.
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THE SAILING OF THE SHIP. 39-1t

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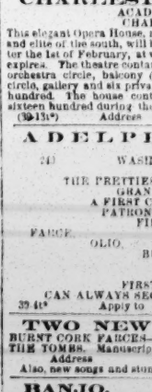
NO. 806 BROADWAY,
Near 11th street.
THE ONLY LIVING
TWO-

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY C. M. YARRUM.

We sat within a shady nook,
The moon shone brightly down,
My arm encircling round her waist;
I asked her for my own.
She looked at me with brazen face,
No downcast eyes, or blush,
But with a smile she only said:—
"Now stop your foolish hush!"

"Oh, do be mine," I softly said;
"I'll love you as my life—
I'll toil for you both day and night,
If you will be my wife."
She gave a merry little laugh,
And tossed her wavy curls,
And, pointing to a crowd, replied:—
"Go talk to other girls."

"Nay, nay," I cried, "you must be mine:
My greenbacks, bonds and land
Shall all be yours," when, turning round,
She said:—"here is my hand."
"But hold," I said, perceiving now
She loved my cash, not me;
"My dad will not give me a cent
If I should married be."

"Get out of this! you bloated pup!
You're one dead beat, I see;
You'd better go and raise a stake
And have another spree!
"To think that I could marry you;
No, no, indeed, not I.
Go drown yourself, you old dead moke,
I'll not lament, nor cry."

I rushed away, for fear she might
In anger take my life;
And hang me if I ask again
That girl to be my wife!

PLAYER FOLK OF OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HAMILTON.

The stage and its tenants, its mysteries and inner workings, have *always* possessed a peculiar interest to the public; and while this interest in the present living stage actors is of course strongest, yet a description of the manners and customs of the old-time actors and acting cannot fail to be entertaining by way of comparison, if in no other way. This sketch proposes to give a rambling notice of the peculiarities and ways of the old English stage, showing the difference between now and then, between 1580 and 1869.

It was not until about 1650 that actresses were allowed upon the English stage. Before that "boy actresses" did ladies of fashion, chambermaids and all female characters, and these boy actresses, growing older, became accomplished actors, changing their sex as their beard grew. One of these, Robinson, is mentioned in Scott's novel of Woodstock, as having "appeared" to Harrison, that fierce fanatic, who had killed him in battle, saying, as he thrust him through, that it was a token that he did not the work of the Lord negligently.

I believe it is not generally known that Shakespeare acted in his own plays. He did so, playing such parts as the Ghost in Hamlet, which are considered the foremost among the second principal characters. We can judge from this that the immortal William was a better play-*wright* than he was play *actor*, otherwise he would have been "leading man" instead of supporting the leading man.

In old times in France the *status* of the ac'or was very low. The ecclesiastical law did not allow marriage or giving in marriage among actors. Just think of that premium on adultery! It was common in England, also, for actresses to have children by more than one royal or noble personage.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was as chaste as she was handsome. Lord Burlington once sent her some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake; that it was true the *letter* was for her, but the *china* was for his lady, to whom he must carry it. Lord! the countess was *so* full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner!

There used to be a custom of returning the price of admission to all persons who left the theatre before the close of the first act. Consequently many shabby persons were wont to attempt to force their way in on the plea that they did not intend to stay beyond the time limited. Then doorkeepers would remonstrate noisily, and finally the affair became such a nuisance to royal comfort that a special decree was issued, commanding payment on entrance, but allowing the refunding as before.

Then, every now and then there would be a riot in the house, and everything smashable would be smashed. In 1682 two gentlemen quarreled in the pit, and not having elbow room there they clambered upon the stage and fought it out comfortably. One was run through at last very neatly.

The most exacting portion of the audience were the "dead heads." The footmen were admitted to a gallery above their lords *gratis*, and they made an awful noise, their masters having small chance of hearing the play unless the "roaring footmen" gave permission.

Did you ever think of the fact that Hamlet contains as many as Bowery tragedy? Ghosts, Hamlet, Ophelia, Laertes, King, Queen, Hamlet, all die more or less decently. What "hi! hi! play" can beat that?

Mountfort once wrote a play in which all the principal personages receive their quietus, and the denouement is left in the hands of a solitary and wicked colonel with a contented mind. But there was *once* written a play (name and author lost in the mists of antiquity), in which, all the characters were killed in the fourth act, the concluding act was brought to a close by their executors.

There were the same vagabond clever Bohemians among players in olden time as now.

Joe Haines was a jolly dog, who ran in debt as cheerfully as if it were a rare luxury. After a while, of course, "the law took its course," and Joe was arrested by two bailiffs on Holborn Hill, London, for a little matter of £23.

"Here comes the carriage of my cousin, the Bishop of Ely," said the unblushing knave. "Let me speak to him; I am sure he will satisfy you in the matter."

So Joe put his head in at the carriage door and hastily informed the good bishop that "here were two Romanists inclined to be Protestants, but with yet some scruples of conscience."

"My friends," said the eager prelate to them, "if you will presently come to my house I will satisfy you in this matter." So Joe made his bow, and went his way.

Salaries were small in old times, and there were no "benefits" except in very rare cases.

Thomas Betterton was the greatest English actor of his day; and one of the greatest that ever lived. Yet his highest salary (he died about 1709) was £5 a week, which included a week by way of pension to his wife, after she retired from the stage.

He had *once* a benefit, and took at the door about £230; but in complimentary guineas he took home twenty-two hundred dollars more.

Mrs. Oldfield, a great favorite, got £4 a week and a benefit, in all about $1,000.

Garrick got £1 a night at one time, but suddenly went up to half profits; but very soon he was bought up by Drury Lane, and his salary was fixed at £600 per annum, and this was $500 more than Quin's salary, which hitherto had been the largest ever received by any player.

These sums sound small by the side of the profits of our star actors now, but a pound went further then than now.

There was a Barton Booth (name redolent of grand acting) who flourished in 1700 and odd. That he was a great artist may be inferred from the bold figure used concerning him by a competent critic:—"*Poets like blind Homer have seen him in his voice, and the deaf have heard him in his visage.*

Whether the present Booth family claim connection with him I do not know. If so, he was a worthy ancestor.

Colly Cibber, a splendid actor and fine playright, had the courage to do what would prove a dangerous but justifiable action now, in refusing to play one of his best parts in a piece where a set of rope-dancers were advertised as about to make their first appearance.

His scorn was aroused by the companionship, and what he did may be best told in his own words:—"I was hardy enough to go into the pit (the great court of appeals in those days), and acquainted the spectators near me that I hoped they would not think it a mark of my disrespect to them if I declined acting upon any stage that was brought to such a disgrace as ours was like to be by that day's entertainment." In this he had the support of his fellow actors and the public approved; and the acrobats were dismissed by the reluctant manager.

Cibber had apparently no more respect for the "leg business" than any lover of real art has in these spectacular days.

I commend the anecdote to Olive Logan for public comment thereon.

Since the passion for pantomimes has developed itself so frightfully in this country, it is worth while to record what was the delight of Joe Miller, the Prince of Harlequins, who were, in those days, the "funny men" of the pantomime, instead of the clown, as now.

He was supreme in his own particular line. His "catching the butterfly," and his "statue scene," people went to see on account of their excellence. Still finer was that in which harlequin is hatched from the egg by the heat of the sun. Jackson calls it a masterpiece "from the first calking of the egg, his receiving of motion, his feeling of the ground, his standing upright, to his quick harlequin trip around the empty shell, through the whole progression every limb had its tongue, and every motion a voice, which spoke with most miraculous organ to the understandings and sensations of the observers."

I recommend this description and track to Humpty Dumpty Fox.

Foote, the actor, was a dry joker, but he was sometimes beaten with his own weapons. He was once vanquished in a law suit about an Edinburgh theatre. The agent of the successful litigant called on Foote, in London, with his bill of costs, which Foote was obliged to defray. After paying like a man, he remarked that he supposed the agent was about to return to Edinburgh, like most of his countrymen, in the cheapest form possible. "Ay, ay," replied the agent, tapping the pocket in which he had put the cash, "I shall travel—*on foot*."

Foote made a face, but said nothing.

Perhaps you have heard of the Frenchman, who clapped and hissed at the same moment, explaining this seeming inconsistency by saying that he had received a free ticket, out of gratitude for which he clapped, while the hiss was the expression of his individual opinion. How did you ever hear of the French critic, who took to a more singular way of expressing his opinion? In the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra, a mechanical asp was introduced, which hissed as "dusky Egypt" took it up to apply to her bosom. The Parisian critic, on hearing the sound, arose, and said to the pit:—

"Gentlemen, I am of the same opinion as 'the asp.'"

Palmer, a man of talent, was a man of impudence too. On one occasion he delivered a prologue, without knowing a line of it. The prologue was under a toilette table, and to Palmer, standing near, he gave line after line, which Palmer repeated with abounding smile and action, to make up for dropped words. But his crowning achievement was this. He took advantage of an uproar in front to *seem* to deliver a prologue of which he knew nothing. He moved his lips, extended his arms, touched his heart, and said no thing.

Suddenly came a lull, and then Palmer looked reproachfully, as though the noise had embarassed him, whereupon one half of the house stormed at the other for not keeping silence, and, under cover of the storm, Palmer seemed to conclude the prologue, made a graceful bow, and withdrew.

Here's a profitable offer from two relatives:—Henry Siddons was having a hard time with the Edinburgh Theatre, but he thought that if his mother and uncle would only play for him in the same pieces, his fortune would be made. So he wrote. His mother wrote back that *she* would come for half the receipts and a ben. John Kemble stated that *he* would come for half the receipts and a ben. Unable to figure the profit that would accrue to him from engaging them both, Henry did not accept their offers.

Actors, like everybody else of the male pursuasion, wore swords in those days, and could use them, too. In 1760, Mossop being manager of the Theatre at Cork, the house was unusually thin, but especially in the pit, where sat one little major determined to see all, though he sat alone. Actors were paid then by the number of days they performed; so Mossop came forward and announced that there would be no performance, that the money would be refunded. The little major insisted that the play should proceed. Mossop remonstrated, but was firm. The major drew his sword and continued to insist.

Mossop put his hand gently on *his*, and declined to act. In a couple of leaps the little Major was on the stage, and the soldier and the actor were fighting furiously.

The actors and the audience appear to have enjoyed the spectacle. At any rate no attempt was made to separate them. The Major ran the actor through the fleshy part of the thigh—and the actor poked *his* sword through the Major's arm. So it ended. Both sides claimed a victory. The manager, unable to act, closed the theatre, and the Major, too much hurt to be immediately removed, remained in the house as he had declared his intention to do.

Macklin, once in a dispute about a wig, struck at a brother actor with his cane, which went through his eye into his brain and killed him. The jury found him guilty of murder without forethought and he was discharged. They used in old times to erect a "building" or platform on the stage on benefit nights and there the spectators sat.

One night Holland was playing Hamlet for his benefit, and a young girl, seeing him drop his three cornered hat, ran, picked it up and clapped it on his head wrong side before, in such a way that the prevailing air of the Prince of Denmark was extreme tipsiness. But see the respect of audiences for Shakespeare? They refrained from laughing till Hamlet and the Ghost were off the stage and then gave way to peal upon peal of unextinguishable hilarity.

John Kemble was once playing Mark Anthony in Dublin, when his eye fell on a sedate old gentleman who was eagerly listening to him through an ear trumpet. This made Kemble smile. It was in a very inappropriate time, for the "situation" was affecting. So he tried to suppress the smile. The more he tried the more he could not. As his agitation increased the ear trumpet was directed at him more pertinaciously, seeing which the actor burst into a peal of laughter and rushed from the stage. The audience had discovered the cause and laughed with him, while the deaf gentleman, unconscious of his own part in the performance, and marking the hilarious faces around him, dropped his trumpet with the vexed air of a man who had lost a "point" and could not account for it.

There are records of laughable errors made by old stagers. Quin and Peg Woffington were acting in the "Recruiting Officer," Peg being Quin's daughter. Quin, though able to carry many bottles under his belt, had taken one too many; and in the second act he should have asked his daughter, "Sylvia, how old were you when your mother *died*," instead of which he said "*married*," rather an awkward mistake. Sylvia laughed, and being put out of her cue could only stammer, "What, sir?" "Pshaw," cried the more confused justice, "I mean how old were you when your mother *was born*?"

Quin, in "Coriolanus," once bade his soldiers lower their *faisces* (in which he pronounced the *a* long); down went their faces in the lowest of bows, and up went the laughing shout of the audience. A similar effect was once produced by Charles Kemble by transposing, unconsciously, two letters in the phrase, "Shall I lay perjury on my soul?" making of it, "Shall I lay sergury on my poil?"

Yet as laughable errors have been made in gravely printed books. We once saw in the "errata" at the end of a serious work:—"p 41. For "chipmonk" read "Schoolmaster."

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

Scenes in Scotland.—No. 8.

THE FIRTH OF FORTH—GREAT BRITAIN'S IRON CLADS—EDINBURGH—CALTON HILL—DUGALD STUART MONUMENT—NELSON MONUMENT—BURNS MONUMENT—PALACE OF HOLYROOD—THE DUKE'S WALK—QUEEN MARY'S BED-ROOM, ETC.

Sailing down the Firth of Forth we pass the beautiful towns Kincardine, Grangemouth, Charleston, Blackness, Rosyth Castle, Abercorn and Queen's Ferry; at the latter place we passed close to one of the monster iron clads of Great Britain—a formidable looking sea dog, with three rows of teeth—which was moored off the town, and as we passed her our little steamer looked in comparison like a flea alongside of an elephant. A few miles further on brought us to Granton, one of the seaports of Edinburgh; here we disembarked and took the cars for the city, which is about two miles inland. On arriving at Edinburgh our first great care was to secure a convenient resting place in a central location, which we were fortunate in finding at the Waverly Hotel, Prince's street, directly opposite the Scott monument, and after refreshing the inner man and securing the services of an intelligent guide, we started to explore this modern Athens. Edinburgh is situated in the northern part of the county of Mid-Lothian, and is two miles distant from the Firth of Forth; its length and breadth are nearly equal, measuring about two miles in either direction. Its population is estimated at $200,000. The sight upon which the city is built is generally admitted to be one of the most striking of any of the capitals of Europe.

The principal street, and the one in which most of the hotels and public buildings are situated is Prince's street. It is a mile in length, quite straight, and is separated from the old town by extensive pleasure grounds called the Prince's Street Gardens, and also by a deep valley, through which the railroad track runs from one end of the city to the other, with its ceaseless din and busy traffic of trains arriving and departing constantly. Passing up Prince's street and through Waterloo place, we came to the flight of steps leading up to Calton Hill, which overlooks the city and affords a fine view of the Firth of Forth and the suburbs of Leith and Porto Bello. The view from this spot, by night, is truly sublime, looking down on a city by gaslight. On ascending the flight of steps and reaching the top of the hill, we came to the monument erected to Dugald Stuart, a Scottish philosopher. At the front of the hill facing the town is Scott's monument, an ungainly looking structure, which is now used as a time signal. The ball, which is the signal, falls from the top of the flag staff exactly at one o'clock, Greenwich time, simultaneously with the firing of the time gun from the castle. The top of the monument, which is gained by a circular stair, is 350 feet above the level of the sea, and affords an extensive panoramic view of no ordinary character.

A little further on is the National Monument, quite a classic structure, commemorative of the heroes that fell at Waterloo. It was intended to be a *fac simile* of the Parthenon at Athens, but, from some cause or other it remains unfinished. On descending the hill into the Regent's Road, we come to the Burns' Monument, which is open daily to visitors—admittance, two pence. Inside are some very interesting relics of the world-celebrated poet—some curious letters in answer to petitions when he was an excieseman, the stool on which he sat when correcting his poems, the snuff box of Highland Mary's father, a piece of oatcake made by the poet's wife and a lock of Chloris' hair (the "Lassie wi' the Lint White Locks"), together with Souter Johnny's snuff box, on which is engraved some funny lines, of which the following are the first four:—

"Put on your specks or dight your een,
Glower weel at me, tik snuffy frien';
As sure's the Deil's a wily fox,
I'm Souter Johnny's sneeshin' box."

Also a snuff box made "Frae the oak that bare the rigin O Allaways auld haunted biggin," and "Frae the thorn, aboon the well, where Mungo's mither hanged herself." A wine glass and a small mallet belonging to Burns, and a curious jug that belonged to Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmannan, who knighted Burns in 1787 with King Robert's sword; also a drinking quaigh used by Burns in Auld Nanse Tinnocks; a bust of the poet, some paintings, and other objects of interest. On leaving the monument, passing up the street and turning to the right brings us to "The Palace of Holyrood," the ancient residence of Scottish royalty. It is a quadrangular structure, surrounding a court nearly a hundred feet square; at each end of its front rise double castellated towers, giving to the palace that military character which the events of Scottish history have so often rendered necessary in her royal residences. The Abbey was originally a convent, and was founded by King David I, in the year 1128. The legend connected with its foundation is well known, and its memory is preserved to this day. The King, it seems, was hunting in the forest of Drumsheuch, when he was attacked by a stag which had been brought to bay. The King was thrown to the ground, and in danger of perishing, when a cross was suddenly interposed betwixt the defenceless monarch and the incensed animal, at the sight of which the stag fled in dismay. The cross, the substance of which could not be ascertained, remained on the place, and was regarded, of course, with the highest veneration. In consequence of his escape from this imminent danger the grateful monarch founded and richly endowed the Church of the Holyrood. During the great civil war in 1650, the ancient palace of Holyrood House was destroyed, either by wilful or accidental fire, while a body of English soldiers were quartered there, and it was afterwards rebuilt by Charles II. James II or VII of Scotland resided long at the Abbey of Holyrood House ere he succeeded to the throne, kept a vice regal court there and bequeathed his name as Duke of York to "The Duke's Walk," a level terrace extending from the back front of the palace to the verge of the park. For a long time this was the usual place in which the gentlemen of Edinburgh were wont to decide affairs of honor. Charles Edward Stuart was resident here for some time before and after the battle of Prestonpans, in the eventful years of 1745-6. More lately these deserted apartments served to accommodate the exiled Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X of France, who, with his suite, remained here until August, 1799. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of 1830, the same unfortunate prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts. Holyrood Palace is the residence of Queen Victoria during any temporary sojourn she may happen to make in Edinburgh.

On visiting the palace you enter by the principal gate, which is guarded by a stalwart highlander; immediately within the gate is an office where you pay your sixpence, which entitles you to admission to all parts of the palace open to the public; on crossing the court yard the first room you enter is the Picture Gallery, the largest apartment in the palace; on the walls are suspended the portraits of 106 Scottish Kings, an interesting portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, and several curious historical paintings from the royal collection at Hampton Court, representing James III and his Queen Margaret of Denmark. Lord Darnley's rooms are those now given up to her present Majesty. Queen Mary's apartments are the most interesting in the palace, and remain to a great extent in the same state as when occupied by the unhappy Princess. The audience chamber, as it is called, is a large apartment, the ceiling of which is panelled, and contains the initials and armorial bearings of royal personages; the walls are covered with tapestry, and the room contains a bed on which Charles I slept when resident in Holyrood, and on it his unfortunate descendant, Prince Charles, also slept in September, 1745, and after the battle of Culloden Moor it bore his conqueror, the Duke of Cumberland. Passing through the audience chamber we enter Queen Mary's bed room, the ceiling also of which is richly adorned, and the walls hung with tapestry; here we see the bed of Queen Mary. The history of this room renders it the most interesting apartment in Scotland, and its tale of crime and sorrow would almost appear to be reflected in the dingy, faded and melancholy aspect of the room itself. To the left of the bed, half concealed by the tapestry, is the door of the secret stair by which Darnley and his murderous associates entered the royal apartments to assassinate the unfortunate Riccio.

A narrow door at the south-west corner of the room leads to the Queen's dressing room, and that at the north-east corner, close to the door of the private staircase, is the entrance to the Queen's supping room, in which none but her most familiar and attached friends were received, and in which occurred the murder of Riccio. On the evening in question, the Queen, with several of her household and Riccio, were seated at table, when the tapestry covering the private entrance to the bed-chamber from Darnley's apartments was raised, and Darnley entered and threw his arm around the Queen; in another moment the apartment was filled with armed men; the Queen sprang to her feet and ordered them to quit the apartment; but it was too late; the conspirators rushed into the room and overthrew the table, and seizing Riccio they dragged him through the bedrooms and ante-chamber, stabbing him at every step, until, arriving at the head of the staircase, without the door of the ante-chamber, he fell dead, having received fifty-six wounds; the marks of blood are still visible on the spot where he fell. After the murder the assassins kept the Queen a prisoner in her apartments, and threatened to cut her to pieces if she attempted to address the populace from the window.

We will now return through the bed-room, audience chamber, and descend the principal stair-case to the piazzas of the inner court; turn to the left and enter the Chapel Royal, the only remaining portion of the great church of the monastery of Holyrood. This church was despoiled by Edward II in 1322, burned by Richard II in 1385, again mutilated by the English in 1547, stripped of its embellishments at the outbreak of the reformation, and finally desecrated even to the tombs of its kings in 1688. Its historical associations are highly interesting; within its walls most of the kings and queens of Scotland were crowned, and James II was married to Mary of Gueldres, and James II to Margaret of Denmark. It was also the scene of that gorgeous ceremonial when the papal Legate presented to James IV, by command of the Pope, a purple crown and sword of state, which are still preserved among the regalia of Scotland. Charles I was crowned here in 1633. Many of the Scottish nobility are buried within its walls. At the southeast corner lies the royal vault, in which repose the remains of David II, James II, James V, and Magdalen, his Queen; Henry Lord Darnley, and several members of the blood royal. The small, low door immediately on the left as you enter the chapel is the entrance to the secret stair which the assassins ascended to murder Riccio, whose remains lie under the passage leading from the quadrangle. There are many other objects of interest about this old ruin, but I think I have made this letter about long enough. In my next I will give you a description of Edinburgh Castle, Old Tolbooth, Salisbury Crags, and Arthur's Seat, the Commongate Antiquarian Museum, theatres, churches, parliament house, regalia of Scotland, &c.

MONS. LA THORNE.

VALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 15.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOPTY GOOPT.

Vell, of dot vasn'd der greadest dime I efer had, den you can shood me. You dalk boud brize hog und grade big caddle—vy, Sharley, dem vasn'd a marker for der Fad Men's kick ub der oder nighd ad Irfing Hall. Of you efer seed a hole lod of dick-vaisded raskals enchoy demselfs, you shood hafe seen dese. Eferyding vas fad. Inshdead of hafing der floor vaxed like usual dey had id creased mit fad, und id vas so shippy like der doose. Der orders of dance, dem vas brinded on pieces of paper creased mit fad; und der Brofidence fellers dey dought der jig vas better dey did not; und der Police, dey vore leedle big'n dalls on der buddon holes of deir coad inshdead of der rippons dot's always vorn. I dell you dot vas der faddesd ding of der season. Und dance—my, my, dot vas dancin'. Of dem fad roosders didn'd dry und kill demselfs und von anoder on dis occashion den my frond name ain'd Oofty und I aind der von dot's delling dis. Und dot seems do me dot der fadder der broder vas der high-fest feller vood dry und grid around. Der vas von feller dere dot I nodiced gwide hardicular—he come dere in a cart, cause he nefer vood hafe peen apie to gid eider in or oud of a coach, mitoud bein dook abard—he vas ub on der floor efery dime, bud his best holt vas valdzing. He had a nice lookin lady mit him, und she vasn'd much more on der shinn as he vas, und ven der moosic vood shdrike up for a valdz he vood vaddle oud mit his gal und dey vood go round just like two grade big vashdubs—he vas so big in frond of him dot she cood oney gid hold of der ends of his fingers, und she vood glinch him dot vay und he vood glinch her, und dey vood go around like a couble big bin veels, shmashing indo efery von und drying do oud-valdz efery von dere; dis broder vas from Brovidence, und he vayed 9,000 pounds—all bork. Anoder shdond gendleman dot vasn'd on der valdz vas dere from "in der rior sooner"—he vas comed down in a barge shardered exbressly for his commodashion, und he didn'd fint much fauld mit der boad mit der excebshions dot he didn't dink der cabtain of der barge pud hay enuff arount der sites; venefer der fessel vood gife a blunge der sites of der boad vood shafe him a leedle; bud he says "I didn'd mint dot so much afder a vile." Sharley, I dink he vas der funniest feller I efer seed; he vas glad like a bull t ad; he vas more vide agross dan he vas high down, und he had such a kinder veel barrow made dot he carried his shdummick arount in. He vood go drough a condillion und dem shgware dances chusd der same like any von else, oney ven dey palanced, den he vood drow himself oud of der push-vaggon und kinder drag himself along backvarts. He vas codched a leedle lader in der high-stryle di blay noosic on der legs. I'll dell you how dot vas. You see ven dem fellers made ub deir mint's dot dey vood hafe dis grand kick ub dey doughd der besd vay vas do gife oud brizes for der biggesd heafy veighd dere vas in der ball; so dey did, und dis ole Shmardey inshdead of gidding in a coob und shduffin himself mit cornmeal und dings like he ought to done, he goes to vork und fills his bockeds mit two grade bacing shdones. Vy dese dime vas he veighed, dis feller vas der heafiest, und der Brofidence fellers dey dought der jig vas ub, und dey vas goin' to gife ub der cup, ven somepody hit Bo'keebsie in der shdummick und feld der shdones. Of course, Sharley, dot vas a fowl, und B'Keeb vas desided "oud." Der Brofidence fellers vas dick-led mit dot, und dey gife deir man der "Dutch Whirl" cause he vin for dem. Dey do bedder mit Fad men as dey do mit Ranners. Bo'keebsie vas awful mad cause he vas desided oud, und he said dot of he didn'd had his hair cud dot afdernoon he vood hafe von der brize. So do I dink he vood—nod.

Dis feller from Brovidence vas a shbunkey roosder, Sharley, cause he dold dis ub-der-rifer-feller dot of he didn't had ear-rings in his ears he vood fight him. Dere vas anoder funny roosder here, Sharley; he vas a Fad Man's sdockholder, und vas all oud of his had, somehow or oder, vas in his head—he vas der shweldiest head I efer see yed. I dond dink he could be measured for a had mit von of dem badent head measures, cause id vood busd of you dried to sdredch id efer dot conk of dot feller's. He vas a real nice feller, dough, Sharley, und he vas bully gumbany; he vood ead und drink mit any von dot asked him. I vasn't a bid bround, und he vood dake a shmall shnood full mit a man mit a ball und shain on his leg. He vas awful comodadin dot vay, und dot come so easy do him like efery ding doo. I dond know vat dis feller's veight vas—dot is der veight of his hole body—bud I shood dink his head musd hafe veighed bond Dree Hundred bounds alone. Dey had a Dress barade bond haif basd elefen o'glock, und of dot vasn'd der faddesd durn oud of efer vas vitnessed den I'm vilding dot I shall shuck ub der shonge.

Nexd ding in order vas der subber—der goot subber—und dem fad fellers dey jusd made dot daples lood mildy sick, I dell you—id vas jusd like daking a hole lod of fegedables und dings und shucking dem down der sewer. You can'd have any ides how dey did made dings fanish. Der ony ding I dot you cood hear vas der rattle of der forks und knifes, und sgronch, sgronch. Der valders, dem vas runnin hidder und didder, dough I dink, Sharley, dey vent hidder more as dey did didder; shdill I voodn'd say for bosidifely. Shambagne vas high dide, und almosd efery von god outside of a leedle. "Dot's der kind of shduff," says a old fad feller to me; "of I vas nursed mit milluck like dot, my son, I vood nefer be veaned yed already." I dold him, "I dink I'd like be nursed mit some of you." Most efery von he god full ad last, und avay a goet many vend ub shdairs agin for to saw der fun oud. A goot many dough shduck to der daples, und oey god so full dot dey coodn'd god oud. A berson voodn'd dink dere vas half so many faddies in der coundry, Sharley, dill he vas a vidness to dem. Der ball vas a grand successful ding, und, of I can'd pelong to der association, I can go vonce on a vile und see der balls. Der gommanders vas gombosed of der nicest fad fellers in der Fad Men's Gang. Amongsd der Fad ve nodiced Billy Birch, Toney Hartmann, Bill Tweed, Sam Spencer, Al Dorion, Pete Braisted, Revere Coes, Lawyer Howe, Old Boy Fisk, der Head Cender, Toney Pastor, and a hole lod more dot I cand dink of just now. Sharley, you vood hafe enchoyed you self muchly of you vas dere, exbeshally ven der eading und drinking vas goin on. Id vas a huge old dime, I tell you, und of der dick raskals dey gife anoder kick ub I vand to hafe dem ted me know jusd der dime und der blace dot id is comin off. I shdaid dere gwide a vile, Sharley, und ven I comed away dere vas dwo or dree of der faddesd of dem doin shdints down in der Bar Room, und von feller vas drying do show dat he cood balance himself on his feid ear. He said "Dot of he vas fad he vas shusd so ligbd like any of dem." I dond know how he made out, dough, cney dried sefendy-dwo dimes, und he had shlibbed efery dime, und shlibs, you know, Sharley, is dakins ofer again. Bud I coodn'd vaid, so I shlibbed doo—shlibbed oud.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

The Old Dramatists.

In the lives of the dramatists themselves there was an intensity which communicated itself to their works. Most of them had risen from the ranks of the people. Marlowe was a cobbler's son; Ben Jonson was a mason; Shakespeare was the son of a wool seller, and Massinger of a domestic servant. Through the liberality of patrons and scholastic endowments, they received a learned education at the universities, and then, pursued by debts and ill-repute, or simply from a love of the stage, they found their way to London, and adopted the profession of dramatic authors. First they became adapters of old plays, then playrights on their own account, actors in small parts, or heroes of their own productions, proprietors of theatres, and shareholders in joint companies. These cramat ists formed the first set of professional literary men. They were ready to turn their abilities to any intellectual work, and lived entirely by their wits. Careless of posthumous fame, and simply anxious to earn money, they often worked in concert, confusing their own creations with those of brother authors. Of Thomas Heywood it is told that, besides acting, he wrote every day a page or two of some dramatic work, and left at his death 220 pieces. Many lines, perhaps, of "The Woman Killed With Kindness" have been jotted down at odd moments in the hubbub of a wrecked tavern. Decker passed three years in the prison of King's Bench. Massinger lived all his life in distressed circumstances, writing incessantly for bread, and begging money in most piteous tones from his noble patrons. Almost all of them were in the hands of Henslowe, an old usurer, and proprietor of the Fortune Theatre. He lent them money, and received their MSS. and clothes in pawn. For plays he would allow them prices varying from £7 to £20, according to their quality, and to the fluctuations of the stage. Actors received a few shillings weekly, and some interest in the general receipts of the theatre. Though protected by royal charters, theatres depended for their existence upon the caprice of a monarch or his ministers. A large and influential body in the state were always attacking them as sources of public corruption. In times of plague, or when the town was made too hot to hold them, they had to march about "on the hard hoof," from town to town. From the language which Shakespeare uses of himself in the Sonnets, it may be seen in what low esteem the poor players and their authors are held. They spent their time with women of bad character, with sharpers, thieves, and young men of loose life. Kyd died in poverty. Massinger went to his grave unrecognized, and in the register which notes his death was entered "Philip Massinger, a stranger." A ruffian murdered Marlowe in a tavern brawl. Peele hastened his end by debauchery, and succumbed at last to a horrible disease. Nash, the satirist, their comrade in vice, confessed that he had abused his talents and conspired with atheists and prodigals. But no picture of a mad, wicked, turbulent life, and of a terrible end is equal to that which Robert Green has given of himself.

A TOUGH YARN.—A worthy deacon was once commenting on the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. An old tar sat listening for some time, then turned to the deacon and said to him, "Were you ever in a man-of-war?" "No," answered the deacon. "Why do you ask?" "Because you tell the biggest yarn that I ever heard a landlubber tell. But go ahead, old boy, and when you finish that tough yarn I'll sing the song of the 'Great Sea Snake.'"

UBIQUITOUS MR. JOHNES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There are some men one meets who impress us with an idea of old-time familiarity, although we feel morally certain that we have never met them before in our lives. They "come like shadows, so depart," they cross our paths at every turning, they are always around yet never in anybody's way, and so noiseless as to suggest the idea that if one were to run against them by accident there would be no more concussion than might follow the contact with a feather bed or a column of vapor. Years ago, chance introduced to my notice a person who fulfilled all the conditions implied in this description. There must be many among the readers of this who remember a tall, eccentric personage, clad in a green cut-away coat and fawn colored inexpressibles, who used daily to saunter down the sunny side of Broadway with the assistance of a dapper little cane, wearing an imposing beaver hat with a jaunty air, and ogling the girls as they passed. There was something suggestive of a suspicion in the intense blackness of his glossy hair and slender moustache, but he was so well gotten up in other respects that no deception was visible to the closest scrutiny. When the skies were portentous of rain, or the crossings were invisible for the mud, the favorite promenades missed the well-known form of our saunterer, whose fair weather propensities were indicated by his manifest predilection for flowers—a sprig of some odorous plant usually ornamenting his button-hole.

It was something of an anomaly that, while he kept strictly within himself, shunning conversation and having no intimates, he yet preferred to mingle with crowds, and chose for his habitual resorts the most public places. Where he ate or slept were mysteries, not less than the means by which he gained his livelihood. A shrewd suggestion as to the possibility of his being identical with the Wandering Jew was among the standard jokes of the day. At one moment you found him smoking an aromatic cigar on the steps of the old Washington, at another dawdling over an ice and a bottle of claret at the Maillard's of that day. A trial for divorce was sure to find in him an interested listener, while a suit for *crim. con.* claimed his most earnest support. He never failed to be present at all the principal races, although he was never seen to bet, and never heard to express an opinion. Never was known to exhibit emotion of any kind but once, and that was when, being a spectator at a game of "base," he was unlucky enough to receive a blow from a winding ball which laid him prostrate. On this occasion the simple expletive, "D——tion!" escaped him, but, on being picked up and set on his feet, he mercly remarked, like Mr. Toots, "It's of no consequence!" and hobbled briskly away.

It was in the theatre, however, that our saunterer was in his glory; his commanding figure was one of the most familiar features of the lobby. The *ballet* was evidently his predominant passion, but occasionally opera or concert claimed his sympathies. If he had ever been known to haunt the stage doors it might have been safe to bet that one of the pretty actresses claimed him for husband—which would have sufficiently accounted for his luxurious habits, his wines and cigars; but, although his eyes frequently rested upon one or other of the fair divinities of the stage, his regard was plainly not devoted to any particular object beyond her who reigned the deity of the hour and fluctuated with every change of programme. There were, indeed, those who professed to have been on terms of comparative familiarity with the man of mystery, and, as usual on such occasions, stories of a disappointment in love were freely bruited, but those who strove to make his acquaintance, with a view to ferreting out the secret, invariably met with a rebuff. His enjoyment of human society was apparent, but he was *non comeatibus in swampo*, as the saying is, to all who made approaches.

In the days when the old "Shakespeare" was frequented by all the men of wit and talent in the city as the dramatic exchange, my subject was the most regular of the guests. A *hiatus* of one evening had occurred in the regular proceedings of Old Drury adjoining, and a benefit had been assigned to the *attaches* of the house, for which specialty "a young gentleman of this city" was to "make his first appearance upon any stage." My ubiquitous friend was there as soon as the orchestra, clad with the most scrupulous neatness, and as he passed in I was noticed that he deposited with the doorkeeper a dozen tickets, for which he had undoubtedly paid. I watched him at intervals throughout the performance. It was the average effort of an amateur, giving occasional flashes of promise, but of course falling far behind the finished work of an established professional, yet one looked for in vain in the amateur which it was supposed mere generosity might have dictated on the part of a house in whose footsteps he was preparing to tread. An irresistible tendency to "guy" the *debutant* manifested itself at an early stage of the performance, in which unseasonable levity the audience participated. Claude Melnotte never before had prosecuted his suit under such disadvantages. His misery was only too evident. Yet, it is probable that not one upon those boards could have not passed through a similar ordeal—which might possibly account for their want of forbearance. The curtain descended amid humorous sallies and laughter, the *debutant* was called before the curtain for the usual *salvo*, and in a few moments the Shakespeare was thronged with its patrons, discussing the event of the evening. My ubiquitous hero was there in his usual corner, with his flagon of ale and his inevitable cigar. A party of undergraduates by were cracking their jokes at the expense of the novice, who, with a few chosen adherents, was going over some leading speeches, for their benefit, in another part of the room. The conversation waxed warm, and, as the victim was really too roughly handled, I lost sight of my usual reserve and interposed an energetic remonstrance.

All at once a finger was gently laid upon my shoulder, and, turning round, I found my friend behind my chair.

"Your pardon," he said, "but you have just uttered something that interests me beyond measure. Might I exchange a few words with you?" And, as he spoke, he put aside the curtain of the nearest box and invited me to enter.

Had the portrait of Shakespeare at the farther end of the apartment abandoned his pillar and walked up to me, I could not have been more astonished. As I presented myself aghast, as, restraining my surprise, I walked after him into the box. He tinkled the bell, and the red haired Scotch boy, in irreproachable white jacket and apron, who waited upon us, might just as well have been the statue in Giovanni—I was so bewildered with amazement.

"Sandy," said the mysterious unknown, "oysters for two—and wine!"

I mumbled something incoherent and awaited developments.

"Sir," he said, in continuation, "my name is Johnes."

"*John?*" I queried, feeling that I must say something.

"No—Johnes, with an 'h,'" he replied, with the very faintest of smiles; "but that is of little consequence. What I wished to speak about is a very different affair. You did just now a most remarkable thing. At a moment when all around you were engaged in misquoting that unhappy young man, I heard you distinctly interpose, and that warmly, in his behalf. The occurrence, sir, is so unprecedented that I have departed from my usual custom to take notice of it and to thank you in the name of suffering genius, which so often sinks beneath unmerited obloquy."

I glanced over my shoulder at the unconscious object of our conversation. He was still standing, the most conspicuous feature of his group, his hand clutching at the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, as he rehearsed the lines, and se

THE PRIZE RING
OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE FEATS OF PRIME JACK RANDALL, O!

DEDICATED TO

DAN DONNELLY, THE IRISH CHAMPION.

TUNE—"*Derby Kelly O!*"

'Tis of the ring I mean to sing,
The feats of *prime* JACK RANDALL, O!
Young *Paddynhack* has got the sack,
In row, a *mill*, or a turn-up, O!
'Twas BELCHER'S name, and DUTCH SAM'S fame,
And CRIBB'S manhood he did revere,
That cane'd his heart to make a stait,
Praises to gain both far and near;
At St. Giles' Pound he fox'd 'em round,
The PATS cried out:—"See the daring, O!
He's got the trick that makes 'em sick—
To be sure it is JACK RANDALL, O!

CHORUS.—Then fill your glass, and let it pass,
Here's a health to "Young Paddy, O!"
Who *knows* them all, both great and small,
Does *finishing* JACK RANDALL, O!

The *willing ones* came out in droves,
At *Shapperton* to see JACK RANDALL, O!
With BELASCO fight it was delight,
To view the style he won it, O!
The *Fancy Lads* upon their *prads*,
Loud cheering of this NONPAREIL!
Who *stills* so gay, and gets away,
Like merry dancing in a reel;
His *precious* hits, like terrible fits,
Doubling-up his opponents, O!
He gained the day, as if at play,
Did *finishing* JACK RANDALL, O!

CHORUS.—Then fill, &c.

His fame now rais'd, by ev'ry one prais'd,
Loud *chaunting* prime JACK RANDALL, O!
In various parts the PATS' *warm* hearts
Swore he could beat a whole Parish, O!
JACK took the lead' to show his breed';
THE WATERMAN, with *science* great,
Made many stops, got heavy *whops*,
Receiving too upon his *pais*.
Won battles RIGHT in easy state,
Payne, Levy, Holt, Dick, Dodd, Walton, O!
With NATURE'S guide, JACK'S only pride,
A natural boxer is RANDALL, O!

CHORUS.—Then fill, &c.

DAN DONNELLY;
THE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK'S CLIPPER.

On Tuesday, May 25th, 1819, Donnelly, Cooper and Carter, opened the theatre for the reception of the amateurs, to witness the capabilities of the Irish champion previous to his going into training.

Spring and Donnelly were received with great applause; and the former boxer displays scientific improvement at every exhibition. Donnelly stopped several hits with great skill; in fact, from his quick mode of getting away, and the sharpness with which he returned upon his opponent, it was pronounced by the amateurs present that he either acquired considerable science since his arrival in England, or that he now let peep some good fighting requisites. The latter trait seems to be his real character; as a sparrer he does not show himself off to advantage. It was a manly bout; some facers were given and returned; no mickeries were observed, and it afforded general satisfaction.

Donnelly was at length matched with Oliver, at Dignam's, Red Lion, Haughton street, Clare Market; and for a month before it took place the character of the subject was thus publicly announced:—"The 'tight boys of the sod' are all for Donnelly to the 'back bone!' and in Ireland, it should seem, it is 3 and 4 to 1. In England it is 5 and 6 to 4. Oliver is in the highest state of condition possible, and has trained exceedingly well; report does not speak quite so satisfactorily respecting the Irish champion. But the chaffing on both sides is, perhaps, all gammon, and only to answer private purposes. Fifty guineas have been offered that Oliver either proves the favorite during the fight, or wins the battle. Five hundred guineas have also been offered that Oliver does not beat Donnelly in an hour. Several considerable sums have been laid that Donnelly does not prove the conqueror in half an hour. Oliver is generally denominated slow; but a gamer man is not in existence. Numerous sporting parties are coming from Ireland to witness the event; and upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, it is said, will be decided upon the issue of this contest, in both countries. Donnelly's character is that of a tremendous hitter, no sparrer, but a good boxer.

GREAT "NATIONAL" PUGILISTIC CONTEST

BETWEEN DONNELLY, THE IRISH CHAMPION, AND OLIVER, FOR 100 GUINEAS A SIDE, ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1819, ON CRAWLEY HURST, NEAR COPTHORNE COMMON, UPWARDS OF 30 MILES FROM LONDON.

The sporting world, in Ireland, were highly interested upon this event; and so warmly, it should seem, did the natives feel upon this subject, that numerous parties arrived in England in order to support and witness the efforts of their avowed Champion, who had not only defeated all his countrymen that had been opposed to him; also in obtaining victories over Hall and Cooper, on the Curragh of Kildare; but they were still anxious for him to obtain "fresh honors" on the plains of Great Britain. The English amateurs viewed him as a powerful opponent; and the boxers, jealous for the reputation of the "Prize Ring," clenched their fists in opposition whenever his growing fame was chaunted. If thus might be termed a national contest; and great sums of money were sported upon the event in both countries. In Ireland, as might be expected, 5 to 2 was laid without hesitation, from a real knowledge of his capabilities; but in England, where only hearsay evidence was the inducement to make him the favorite, 2 to 1 was confidently betted on his winning. Upon the day previous to the fight the toddlers were all in a bustle, and brushed off in quite early time into the hackery to do the thing comfortable on the road whose bustle might be in such a state of requisition, as to compel them either to dorse in a barn, or to take a few whifs over a mug of heavy, to get the best of the darkey, where all the dabs were overcharged; or to pass the time away in listening to the chaffing of some Bonifacse in praise of his malt liquid, that might have puzzled the analyzing qualities of a chemist to have found out the real character of the articles in question, from the dashing talents of the landlord. But the pleasures of a mill, to the heroes of the sporting world, rise superior to all difficulties that may present themselves. Notwithstanding the torrents of rain which fell the previous evening, sneezing stampers operated as no drawback to the warm hearted friends of Donnelly, who had some little liking for "a whack for the honor of ireland," and were packed through it without a sigh in a mummy, so that they could but arrive in time to view their countryman fight and win. Early in the morning of Wednesday the weather proved equally unpropitious: but the game of the Fancy was not to be disposed of by rain. The string of carriages of every description, reaching for near a mile in length, to be seen from the top of the hill above Godstone, looked interesting and pleasing; but some terrible "murmurings" occurred on the scene of action being removed from "Blindlow Common" to Crawley Hurst, without the Beaks interfering, and merely owing, it is said, to the caprice of one or two persons for some trifling cause. The lads were not prepared for this long journey of 62 miles out and in, and many of the Rosinantes were not able to perform it; and day-light peeped the next morning, before several of the kids got to their roosting places. In consequence of the removal of the place, it was two o'clock before the contest commenced. Oliver first threw up his hat in the ring followed by Cribb and Shelton; and Donnelly, waited upon by Tom Belcher and Randall, entered soon afterwards, and repeated the token of defiance. Donnelly appeared the heaviest man, by about a stone. The contest lasted one hour and ten minutes. Betting 7 to 4; and the green color for Ireland was tied over the blue for England to the stakes, when the battle commenced, as under:—

Round 1. The appearance of Donnelly, on stripping, exhibited as fine a picture of the human frame as can be imagined; indeed, it was expressed that if Finxman, the celebrated sculptor, had wished to have erected a living model as a lecture for his students on the beauty of the action of the muscles, a finer subject than Donnelly could not have been found. His legs were firm and well rounded, and his arms sinewy and powerful; and his *tout ensemble* indicated prodigious strength. The idle stories of his bad training were all silenced on his putting himself into attitude; and his condition was acknowledged by his friends from Ireland to have been far superior than when he fought with either Hall or Cooper, on the Curragh of Kildare. Smiling confidence seemed to sit on his brow; his eye was sharp and penetrating; his face clear and animated; and he commenced the combat quite satisfactorily to himself. Oliver was equally fine, and under the training of Clerk (who had waited upon him in the greatest care and attention), it was urged by all present that his flesh was as firm as a rock; and, in fact, that Oliver had never been in such excellent condition before. Such was the state of the combatants, and, upon their shaking hands, the current betting was 7 to 4 on Donnelly. The Irish Champion was cool, collected, and nothing hurried in his manner, till upwards of a minute had elapsed in sparring, or rather the pugilists were looking at each other for a favorable opportunity to let fly. Donnelly made two hits with his left hand, which fell short, in consequence of Oliver's getting away. Long sparring. Oliver made an offer to hit, but Donnelly, on the alert, retreated. More sparring and dodging each other over the ground, till they got to the ropes in a corner of the ring, when Donnelly hit severely with his left hand; several sharp exchanges occurred, an a sort of reciprocal fibbing took place, till they both went down in a desperate struggle for the throw, Oliver undermost. Five minutes had elapsed. Loud shouting from the "boys of the sod," and "Bravo, Donnelly."

2. Oliver aimed a heavy blow at the body, which Donnelly stopped in good style. Some sharp work occurred again at the ropes; more fibbing was practised, and Oliver again undermost in the throw.

3. Oliver appeared bleeding at the scratch, and exhibited some symptoms of slight distress from the recent struggle he had undergone. Donnelly made a feeble hit with his right hand, when Shelton exclaimed, laughing, "That's one of Carter's hits!" "Silence," from the Nibs; "no remarks, but attend to your situation." "I wish you felt it," said Donnelly; "you'll see, my boy, by and by, how I'll use it." Oliver took the lead, some heavy blows were exchanged, and when at the ropes Donnelly was for a short time seen balancing on them, he extricated himself, and both went down. Loud shouting, and "Well done, Oliver."

4. Donnelly certainly exhibited in this round a new feature in the London Prize Ring. Oliver again pinked at the body, after the manner he fought with Neat; which Donnelly stopped with much skill; but his right hand, which had been hitherto spoken of as "tremendous," he did not make use of; or else Oliver had already given him several opportunities to have exerted it to advantage towards winning. Oliver, however, made a good hit on the breadbasket, which Donnelly's left hand told on his opponent's mug, which staggered him, and he followed Oliver to the ropes. Here some sharp work ensued, and Donnelly made use of his head instead of his fists (which were occupied in holding off Oliver) in bumping his opponent's nob. [Loud shouting, and some disapprobation was expressed at this *nouvelle* mode of nobbing].

5. Oliver put in a sharp body hit, and some good counter blows were exchanged. The mouth of Donnelly was now cloreited, which might be termed the first show of blood. The combatants again got in the corner of the ring, when, by way of a finish to the round, Donnelly cross-buttocked his opponent. "Erin go bragh!" from his warm-hearted countrymen; "Go along, my Denny" from his John Bull backers.

6. Cautious on both sides, till Oliver made a chopping right-handed hit on his opponent's head. In close quarters at the ropes, and after some sharp exchanges it was urged by several persons close to the ring that Donnelly had hit Oliver down from a blow on the body (in reference to the umpires it was not admitted as a "knock down blow," but that Oliver had slipped and fell).

7. Oliver planted a good facer, and laughed at his opponent. He also put in a bodier and got away. In short, it might fairly be said he had the best of the round, and Donnelly went down, bleeding. "Go it, Oliver," and great applause.

8. Nothing of passion appeared on the part of Donnelly, which had been urged by his opponents he would exhibit on getting a nobber or two; but, on the contrary, he was as cool as a cucumber, and as steady as Randall, but he did not show the finishing traits of the Nonpareil. In struggling, both down, Oliver bleeding profusely about the face. It is impossible to pass over a circumstance which occurred in this round, in consequence of some altercation between the seconds. On Donnelly's being down, it is urged, perceiving that Oliver meant to fall upon him, he lifted up his legs with intent to kick Oliver, or to divert him from his purpose. This also excited the various opinions and expressions of "foul, fair."

9. In this round Donnelly received great applause. The men fought into a close, from which Donnelly extricated himself in style, and returned sharply to work till he had the best on the mill; and Oliver went down exhausted. The spectators were perfectly convinced that Donnelly was a tremendous hitter with his right hand when he thought proper to use it. He gave Oliver so hard a blow upon the ribs that the impression of his knuckles were so strongly imprinted that it remained visible during the whole of the fight.

10. Oliver stopped a heavy hit of Donnelly's and laughed. But Donnelly was not irritated at this conduct, and got so much the best of this round that Oliver was prevented from going heavily down by Sheldon putting out his knee to ease his fall. Belcher very warmly said:—"If he acted so foul again that he would knock a hole in his head;" and Randall also observed he would give him a "topper." Sheldon declared it was an accidental sort of entangling of his legs with Oliver's, and was not done with design.

11. Had Donnelly used his right hand he must have reduced the battle almost to a certainty in his favor. This was, however, a sharp hitting round, till both went down, and Oliver again undermost.

12. Although the fighting on either side had not been termed of the highest order of the art of pugilism, yet the combatants were not insensible to the weight of each other's arms; and, after fighting up to the ropes, they both stood still from weakness, till Donnelly broke away and made some hits. In again closing, both down, Oliver undermost and much exhausted. Twenty-four minutes had now elapsed.

13. Donnelly, without ceremony, hit, with his left hand, Oliver on the mouth, which sent him staggering away from the scratch. In the corner of the ring the struggle was severe indeed to obtain the throw, and Oliver received a heavy blow on the throat, and, as he was hanging on the ropes, balancing as it were, Donnelly lifted up his hands not to hit him. "Very handsome," and "Bravo, Donnelly!"

14. For "big ones," more smashing rounds might have been expected. Oliver put in a mugger that made Donnelly stagger a little; but he returned to the attack, till he got Oliver down.

15. Donnelly gave some hits that made Oliver rather reel from his position, and also followed him up with success. At the ropes some exchanges occurred, till Oliver went down.

16. Oliver made a tremendous blow at the body, which Donnelly stopped well. This was altogether a sharp round, and those in the corner of the ring the struggle was so great till at length they became so much exhausted that they were nearly falling over the ropes upon the members of the P. C., when the cry was "separate them," which was immediately done by the seconds, and the round ended. "Bravo," and "Well done, both."

17. Some heavy hitting occurred on both sides; and Donnelly, on the alert, followed all over the ring. The latter bled profusely, and, in closing, Donnelly fell with his knees upon Oliver. This circumstance occasioned some loud cries of "foul, fair," &c., by the various partisans; but the umpires did not deem it worthy of notice to interfere.

18. Both down at the ropes; some remarks were made that Donnelly had taken some advantage of the situation over Oliver. The umpire observed, in such close quarters it was almost impossible to discriminate to a nicety; but, from what he saw, he thought Donnelly had behaved perfectly correct.

19. This was rather a sharp round; in fact, Oliver received so much beating that in going down he fell upon his face, and Donnelly also fell upon his back. "Foul, fair—Bravo, Donnelly," and numerous other remarks likely to occur among so large and interested a multitude.

20. This round Donnelly faced his opponent with much dexterity. Oliver's right-a-go-gee was severe hit, and he laughed and nodded at his opponent. The left hand of the Irish Champion told severely twice on Oliver's mug, and some exchanges took place till he went down.

21. It was not termed decisive fighting on either side; now and then a sharp hit occurred, till Oliver fell down, and Donnelly upon him.

22. A similar round, and both went down.

23. The hitting in this round was rather of a singular description. Both of the combatants made counter hits at the mouth of each other, and the claret sprung out instantly. It was an electrifying shock to both of the men; but it seemed to operate upon Oliver the most. They still kept up the attack, till both went down, and Oliver undermost.

24. This was a fighting round altogether, and the spectators began to be much interested upon the event. Oliver kept hitting and getting away till he fought into a close. Donnelly broke from it, and the milling was severe till the Irish Champion went down on his knees. Loud shouting, and "Now, Oliver, go to work, my boy, and you can't lose it!"

25. This round was also manfully contested. Donnelly appeared bleeding at the scratch. Oliver put in a bodier and got away; some sharp exchanges took place, till both of the combatants were glad to resort to sparring for wind. In fact, for an instant, they both stood still and looked at each other. Donnelly at length made a hit, and Oliver got away. Both of the combatants soon returned hard to work, when Donnelly again went down from the severity of the milling. Thunders of applause, and "Bravo, Donnelly!" "I bet a guinea to a half crown." Three to two was offered on Oliver, but 2 to 1 was current betting.

26. Donnelly made a hit, but Oliver stopped it. The latter also put in two nobbers, and got away laughing. This circumstance rather irritated Donnelly, and it was the first instance that he showed passion, by his running furiously after Oliver. Tom warded off the fury of the attack; and he ultimately again sent Donnelly down by his hitting. Another loud shout for Oliver, and "I to 1 Donnelly—Oliver will win it," was the general cry; long faces were to be seen—hedging-off was now the order of the day—the hitherto takers of the odds against Oliver now lordly offered the odds upon the Westminster hero, with the fullest confidence of his proving the victor.

27. Donnelly came up very weak and quite out of wind, but his confidence had not left him, and he hit Oliver a feeble facer with his left hand. In struggling, both down, but Oliver undermost; 26 minutes had elapsed. Donnelly had received some heavy blows about the nob and neck; yet, nevertheless, it is said by his seconds that he was not distressed from the punishment he had received, but that he had drank too much ale; from his feverish state, and was quite blowed. It is most true that many of his backers changed their situations, and went to different parts of the ring to get their money out; and were quaking for fear that the event would be against them.

28. Great odds were now preferred among the partisans of Donnelly. Some hits passed between, but to the advantage of Oliver, when Donnelly went down from the hitting. The odds were now upon Oliver all round the ring; and Donnelly's staunch friends, having no reason to double his attack, betted them in numerous instances.

29. The men were both upon their mettle; and this round was pronounced a good one all over the ring. The combatants closed, but broke away. Oliver made a hit upon Donnelly's face, laughing at it, and got away. The Irish Champion, however, got in turn, and with his left hand planted a rum one on Oliver's mouth, that not only sent him staggering away, but almost to be in want of a dentist. Donnelly also received a teaser that made him rear again; sharp exchanges, till Donnelly fell down and Oliver upon him.

30. One hour had expired, and all bets upon that score were lost. Oliver again bodied his opponent, but he received a staggering hit in return on his mug. Bobadowa, after a good deal of hanging action, and Donnelly undermost. Loud shouting, and "Well done, Oliver."

31. The eye of Donnelly began to resume its former fire—his wind appeared improved, and he rather took the lead in this round. Donnelly hit Oliver down, but also fell from a slip; in fact, from the force of his own blow. "Bravo, Donnelly," and loud applause.

32. The Irish Champion had evidently got round, and, upon Oliver's receiving a hit in the mouth like a pump-handle, from his position, Randall offered to back Donnelly for £2 0. After an exchange of hits, Shelton smiled and said, "It was no more use for Donnelly to hit Oliver than to exert his strength against a tree, for that Oliver was as hard as iron." "Undecided," cried a Paddy under; "it's all right now; Dan, show your opponent some play." Some sharp hitting till both resorted to sparring. The men fought into a close and broke away. The hitting was now so sharp that Oliver turned round to avoid the heavy punishment with which he was assailed and fell, and Donnelly also slipped down. "Bravo!" from all parts of the ring. "Well done, Oliver!" "Go along, Donnelly!"

33. "Have you not got a right arm?" said Tom Belcher to Donnelly; "we must win it, Dan." The Irish Champion hit Oliver a terrible facer that sent him away from his ground. "It's all your own," said Randall; "repeat it." Donnelly did so with great force. "That's the way, my boy," echoed Belcher; "another!" Donnelly followed the advice of these excellent tacticians (and better seconds he could not have, or who exerted themselves more in his cause), and he gave a third facer, in succession, without receiving any return. After some exchanges passed, Oliver was getting rather feeble from his struggle in bringing Donnelly down, and he fell upon him with his knee upon his throat. "Do you call that fair?" said Belcher. "If that circumstance had happened on our side you would have roared foul for an hour.

34 and last. Oliver hit Donnelly in the body. The latter set-to very spiritedly and nobbed Oliver. Some sharp exchanges occurred, when, in closing, Donnelly put in a dreadful hit under Oliver's ear, and also cross buttocked him. Oliver, when picked up and put on his second's knee, was insensible, and his head hung upon his shoulders as if it had been dislocated. "Time, time," was called, but the brave, the game, the unfortunate Oliver heard not the sound. In this round, no more contested fight, in favor of Donnelly. The latter walked out of the ring, amidst shouts of applause, the result attendant upon victory, arm in arm with Belcher and Randall, to an adjoining farm house, where he was put to bed for a short period and bled. Oliver did not recover his sensibility for some minutes, when he was also brought to the same house, bled and put to bed in the next room to Donnelly. The latter expressed great feeling and uneasiness for (ear anything serious should arise to Oliver, but when he was informed it was all right he was exerted as the last man to have been fighting at all. The Irish Champion dressed himself immediately, and, strange to say, that Oliver, in the course of half an hour, also recovered and put his clothes on, lamenting "that he had lost the battle under such an unfortunate circumstance, as he was then able to fight an hour." Oliver and Donnelly then shook hands and drank each other's health, when the latter went into a wagon to see the fight between Lashbrooke and Dowd, and left the ground in a barouche and four to sleep at Riddlesdon, the place where he trained at, and arrived the next morning at Mr. Dignam's, the Red Lion, Houghton street, Clare Market. Oliver also arrived in town the same day

TO BE CONTINUED.

AMERICAN FISTIANA.

Doings in the American Prize Ring During 1869.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Allen, Tom, beat Wm. M. Davis, Chateau Island, near St. Louis, Mo., $2 00) 45r, Jan 12.
—— beaten by Gallagher.
—— arrested, Cincinnati, O.; released upon giving bonds to keep the peace for one year, Mar. 14.
—— fought Mike McCoole, Foster's Island, near St. Louis Mo., $2,000, 9r, about 13min, ropes cut and ring broken in by Mc. Coole's friends, who claimed that Allen was pounding McCoole, June 15. The referee, Val McKinney, reserved his decision until his arrival at St. Louis, when he gave it in favor of McCoon the alleged foul. Allen's backers served an injunction to prevent the excursion money being paid over to McC., and instituted suit for the recovery of the stakes, which suit is, we believe, still pending.
—— fought Charley Gallagher, Foster's Island, $1,000. 11r, 26m, Aug 17. The sponge was thrown up from Gallagher's corner when time was called for the 12th round, which Allen observing, he crossed to his opponent's corner and offered to shake hands, but Gallagher, not knowing, it appears, that the sponge had been thrown up, struck Tom, who, anticipating a general attack, jumped over the ropes. It was asserted that Tom Kelly, one of G.'s seconds, threw up the sponge, but, as he declined doing so, from the force of Allen (all the latter had not seen the sponge thrown up, and that Allen had left the ring before any decision had been given, decided the fight a draw on the way home. Each man subsequently received back his money. Gallagher was beaten to a stand-still, while Allen was but slightly punished.
—— he and Mike McCoole were to have fought for the championship of America and $5,000, within 50 miles of Cincinnati, O., Nov. 10 but they failed to agree upon a final stakeholder. The McCoole party were to blame for the fizzle, and though the stakes were drawn Allen became entitled to the championship.
—— challenged any man in America, up to $10,000, verbally, Nov. 20.
—— challenge accepted by Jem Mace, who proposed to fight for any amount not less than $5,000 a side, Dec. 4.
Agvoie, Fred, beat Tom Parmett, nr Baltimore, Md., $500, 18r, 39m, 22s, July 29.
Allen, Jim, beat Tom Condon, Battle Island, N. Y.; purse, 8r, 57m, Dec. 10.
Burke, Mike, and Fred Laguet, nr Chenwatana, Minn, 33r, draw, Jan. 23.
Butler, R., beat Jim Stanhouse, near Huntington, Tenn., 19r, March.
Bittner, F., beat Larry Effers, East Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, O., $10, 8r, 28m, April.
Brettle, Bob, arrested for selling liquor without license and for keeping a disorderly house, Pittsburgh Pa., committed to jail in default of $600 bail, but afterwards released, May 5.
—— sailed for England May 15.
Bussy, Fred, forfeited $100 to Patsy Reardon, May 22.
Burt, Jerry, beat Gus Schuman, near Cincinnati, O., $50, 5r, 15m, May 24.
Burns Pat, beat Wm. Matthews, near Hallsville, Wyoming Territory $400, 37r, 32m, foul, May 7.
Bailey, Dave, beat Bill Jones, near Sharon, Pa., $400, 23r, 37m, June 7.
Belcher, C. and M. Baker, near Bangor, Me., $200, 7r, draw, July 22.
Bowen, Berney, beat Jim Cooper, near Junction City, Kansas, $500, 9r, July 31.
Burns, Mike, beat Ed Dennis, Fairmount, O., purse, 20r, Aug. 29.
Boyle, Dick, beat John Price, Old Terre Haute, Ind., $100, 3r, 15m, Oct. 6
Blake, Tom, beat Frank McGuire, New Haven, Ct., turn-up, 9r, Dec. 11.
Carr, Dan, beat Pat O'Mealy, "Oaks," near New Orleans, La., $50, 78r, 1h 25m, Dec. 27. 1868.
Coyne, Jim, arrived in New York from England, April.
—— received forfeit from Tommy Reardon.
Coblins, D. beat P. J. Glynn, near Fort Foot, Md., purse, 4r, April 27.
Conners, Jerry, beat J. Isaacs, room, Brooklyn, L. I., $400, 21r, 1h 10m, May.
Carroll, Billy, beat Harry Hicken near Freedom, Pa., $200, 2r, ring broken in and Hicken and his seconds assaulted; the referee awarded the fight to Carroll on an alleged foul. Hicken afterwards sued for and recovered his money, May 26.
—— beat Ed. Howard at Norfolk, Va., purse, 10r, Oct. 20.
Collyer, Sam received forfeit from Charley Doherty in a match for the light-weight championship and $2,000, the latter being overweight, Jamestown Island, Va., Oct. 5.
Carey, Hugh, and Collins, room, Lawrence, Mass., turn-up, 4r, police interfered, Nov. 18.
Costello, Tommy, beat Enoch Kelly near Fairfield, Conn., $150, 7r, 16m, foul, Dec. 21.
Davis, Bill, and Bill Blake arrested, St. Louis, Mo., charged with assault with intent to kill, Jan. 6, bailed by Mike McCoole, released Jan. 15th, the evidence being insufficient to hold.
—— beaten by Allen.
Douglass, Henry, beat Nat Sidney, Washington, D. C., room, 13r, 42m, Jan. 12.
Donovan, Mike, beat John Boyne at Tipton, Ind., $500, 23r, 33m, foul, Jan. 25.
Dermotty, Jim, beat Tom McCauley, near Newport, Ky., 8 m, March 17.
Doherty, Charley, beat Thos. Hammond, New Kent Co., Va., $200, 86 r, 1h. 15m, April 26.
—— forfeited to Collyer.
"Dublin, Young," beat "Stormy," Ft. Larned, Kansas, $500, 6 r, 35 m, May.
Donnelly beat McGuire, Ogden's Dock, near Tremaasburg, N. Y., June 12.
Duffy and Burns were to have fought at Jackson Island, Ohio river, but were arrested at Zanesville the day prior; committed to jail in default of $500 bail, July 2.
Dennison, James, died, San Francisco, Cal., June 14.
Dwyer, Jimmy, beat Patsy Marley, near Elko, Nevada, $1,500 and gate money, 7 r, foul, July 18.
Daffy, Sidney, stabbed and beaten by Tom Sullivan in such a manner that he died of the injuries received, West Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 3; expired on the 4th.
Dorney Dick, died from effects of a stab inflicted by Thos. Fanning, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31.
Dwyer, Billy, shot by Geo. Hoge, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 6; Hoge arrested.
Eaton, Jerry, sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Tim Hernan, Jan. 28, executed Feb.
Edwards, Billy, and Dan Daniels left New York for England, June 19.
—— returned to New York, Sept. 21.
Elliott, Jimmy, arrested and imprisoned on a charge of robbery, Sandwich, C. W., Nov. 6.
Flynn, Mike, beat L. Wheeler, St. Louis, Mo., off hand, purse, 15r, 42m 22s, Aug. 29.
Fenchley, Sam, beat Bob Lent, near Baltimore, Md., $200, 9r, 32m 20s, Sept. 33.
—— beat Tony Sperle, near Washington, D. C., $400, 29r, 1h, 37m, Nov. 8.
Gale, Billy, and Hen Crossman, Westchester Co., N. Y., $150, 34r, 1h 7m, broke up in a row, draw, Jan. 11.
Gallagher, Charley, beat Tom Allen, Carroll Island, near St. Louis, Mo., $2,000, 7r, 8m, Feb. 23.
Gollar, Jack, *alias* "Squealing Jack," committed suicide, San Francisco, Cal., March 23.
Gallagher, Jimmy, beat Andy Hanley, Connecticut, $1,000, 43r, 2h 40m, May 11.
Gregory, Dick, and Harry Gillen, Cumminsville, O., $250 to $150, 7r, draw, June 25.
Grady, Johnny, beat Johnny McGlade, near Hamilton, Nevada, $1,000 and gate money, 35r, 2h 26m, Aug. 15.
Hicken, Abe, sailed for England, February.
—— returned in June and left again Aug. 13.
Hickey, Johnny, beat Jim King, Quindaro, Mo., $1,000, 9r, 16m, June 23.
Hurley, Harry, and Ed. Maloney, Line Island, near Pittsburgh, Pa., $500, 28r, 1h 32m, ring broken, draw, Sept. 21.
Jones, Aaron, beat Leavenworth, Ind., supposed to have been caused by poison administered in New Orleans, La., Feb. 16.
Jennings Harry, and Charles Steadman convicted of robbery and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, Roxton, Mass., April 9.
Jones, Bill, beat Bob McDolen, near Pittsburgh, Pa., $200, 15r, 40m, Dec. 10.
Kinney Jim, and Charley Rosley, near Allentown, Pa., purse, 9r, 14m, draw, Jan. 19.
King, Mike and Mike McDonald, near St. Paul, Minn., $100, 8r, draw, March 2.
Lafferty, Johnny, arrested, Covington, Ky., for engaging in a fight with Jim Nelson, Jan 30.
Lashell beat Bell, La Cresse, Wis., off-hand, 18r, April 2.
Looney, Ed., beat Joe Rogers, Central City, Col. Ter., $1,000 and gate money, 19r, 37m, May 28.
Leafy, Mike, beat Pat Tracy, Philadelphia, Pa., purse, 84r, 68m, Nov 22.
McCotter, Hank, died of consumption, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 19.
McHurley, Pat, beat Jack Furman, near Narrowsburgh, Pa., $400, 4lr, 1h, 30m, foul, Jan. 16.
Marsh, Eugene, and George Hoefleebter, near Columbus, O., 7r, 55m, draw, Jan. 27.
McDevd beat Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., room, 6r, 40m, draw, Feb. 5.
Marley, Paisy, beat Pat McDermott, near Wasatch, Utah, $300, 7r Feb. 20.
—— beaten by Dwyer.
Montromery, Newton, and Peter Joyce, near Baltimore, Md., $400, 55r, 55m; M. got the money; Feb. 25.
Murphy Billy, beat English Bill, near Wasatch, Utah, $500, 107r, Feb. 28.
Martin, Peter, arrested for assault and battery, Newark, N. J., March 19.
Morgan, Johnny, and Dolph Lavin, near Niles, Mich., $33, 11r, 45m, 1 o rings, police interfered, May 24.
McClure, Tom, beat Ed Roberts, near Covington, Neb., $430, 10r, broke up in a row; referee afterwards decided in McClure's favor, June 1.
Mann, Mickey, beat Mart Perley, near Lakelown, Mich., $200, 8r, foul, June 22.
McCarthy, Dennis, beat John Evans, near Massillon, O., purse, 21r, 39m, July 5.
McGuire, Tom, and Young Cusick, rough and tumble, room, N. Y., July 18.
Myers, Frank, beat Jim Shea, near Newport, Ky., $100, 21m, July 19.
McArdle, John, killed by Indians, Montana Ter., July 23.
McCoole, Mike, assaulted by Ed Burns, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 11.
—— an Allen.
—— attempted to shoot Tom Kehoe, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 26.
—— arrested, St. Louis, for committing a brutal assault upon a newspaper correspondent in his saloon, Dec. 6.
Mace, Jem, and Pooley, arrived in New York per City of Antwerp, Sept. 14.
—— Jem accepted the challenge of Tom Allen, Dec. 6.
McGlade, Johnny, beaten by Grady.
—— shot dead by John Leonard, Fashion Saloon, Hamilton, Nevada, Sept. 15.
McAlpine, Tom, and Johnny Mulligan, near Green Bay, Wis., $1,000 (?), 91r, 2h 10m, draw, Sept. 23.
McCarty, Ed., beat Jack Fitzgerald, Red Oak, Iowa, $200, 21r, 25m, Nov 9.
Marsh beat Larry (both colored) near Wilmington, Del., purse, 15r, foul, Nov. 11.
O'Baldwin, E., arraigned in the Superior Court, Salem, Mass., charged with engaging in a prize fight with Wormald; pleaded not guilty and was remanded for trial, Feb. 1. The trial took place on Feb. 8th and resulted in his conviction. Exceptions taken and sentence postponed; O'Baldwin released on $5,000 bail. Brought before Judge Wilkinson, Superior Court, Lawrence, Mass., and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, at hard labor, House of Correction, Nov. 15.
Oswald, H. W. (or Wright), late of Worcester, "straw" bondsmen, arrested, Boston, Mass., Feb. 12.
O'Connor, Pat, and "Horsemarket Ferguson," Treasure City, Nevada, $30, 2r, draw, May 29.
O'Shea, Dan, beat Phil Morin, South Boston, Mass., $200, 2r, Sept. 5.
O'Hara, Patsy, beat Hen Mumford, near Danielsville, Ct., $200, 46r, 1 h 6m, foul, Sept. 13.
Parker, Harry, died, Brooklyn, L. I., consumption, aged 33, July 16.
Phillips, Dan, beat Tom Shannessy, Old Terre Haute, Ind., 1r, Oct. 6.
Pomeroy, Tib, *alias* "Royal Tib," and Bill Jarvis, Sarnia, Ont., $100, 4r, 35m draw, Nov. 24.
Ryan, Young, beat Con Riordan, near New Orleans, La., purse, 4r, Jan. 17.
Rogers, Jack, beat Ren Griffiths, near Black Buttes, Wyoming Ter., $1 000, 12r, 27m, March 31.
Rooney, A., beat Nick Revels, Dark Corner, near Centralia, Pa., 2r, 28m, April 19.
Ryall, Bill, and Bellefontaine Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., March 13; buried at Bellefontaine Cemetery, March 15.
Ryan, Tom, and John Handley were to have fought at the Queen City Race Track, Ludlow, Ky., $100, but Ryan failed to appear, and the stakes were awarded to H., May 30.
Richardson, N., arrested, New York, upon a requisition from the Governor of Massachusetts, for suborning to perjury in having procured Farwell to become security for Joe Wormald.
Roche, Jas., beat Charley Foley, race course, New Orleans, La., $200, 57r, 1h 14m, Aug. 29.
Robbins, Archy, beat Zuke Cassimer, South Boston, Mass., purse, 7r, Sept. 8.
Reed, Jimmy, beat Charley White, Cheyenne, W. T., $250 and gate money, 6r, 28m, foul, Sept. 1.
Roeney, Peter, shot and killed by Robert Fry (colored), New York, Oct. 5.
Riley, Young, beat Johnny Mahoney, Philadelphia, Pa., room, off-hand, 15r, 1h 15m, Oct. 15.
Riordan, Con, more uniformly convicted of robbery and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, Omaha, Oct.
Reilly, Wm. P., beat Pat Cannon, near San Rafael, Cal., purse, 91r, 1h 35m, darkness came on, draw, Oct. 25; both men subsequently arrested and lodged in prison, now awaiting trial.
Seddons, Geo., arraigned in the Superior Criminal Court, Boston, Mass., charged with engaging in a fight with Tom Kelly; verdict of guilty rendered and Seddons remanded to prison in default of $3,000 bail, Dec. 29, 1868. On Jan. 12th his counsel asked for a reduction of bail, which was granted, it being fixed at $1,500. On Jan 18th he was brought up upon a second indictment, to which he pleaded not guilty; previous verdict set aside and the case shortly afterward settled.
—— beat Punch Morris, near Fort Erie, Ont., purse, 5r, 26m, Aug. 20.
Shorty beat Cranson, Hog Island, near Philadelphia, Pa., purse, 26r, 1h 45m, May 19.
Swear, Charley, beat Morris Hickey, Connecticut Point, R. I., purse, 26r, June 30.
Sheehan, Dave, beat Mike Keating, near Cincinnati, O., purse, 11r, Aug. 24.
Shepperd, Patsy, beat Jim Murphy, near New Haven, Ct., purse, 6r, 22m, Sept. 4.
Stewart, Jack, beat Jim McMahan, Quincy, Mass., $350, 6r, Sept. 24.
Smith beat John Fairmville, Mass., $50, 82r, 1h 10m, foul, Oct. 5.
"Scotch Dan" beat "Mountain Boy," San Francisco, Cal., purse, 12r, 30m, Nov. 14.
Thurston, Sher., shot and severely wounded, Bulchertown, Mo., Aug. 1.
Tumey, Con., and Nick Hyland, near Stillwater, Minn., purse, 10r 15m, draw, Aug. 23.
Williams, Thomas, George March, Boston, Mass., purse, 22r, 35m, police interfered, both men arrested, draw, May 29.
Ward, Billy, beat Jack Gillispie, Albany jail, N. Y., $50, 5r, 27m 3 sec. foul, July 1.
White, Wm., and Anderson, near Baltimore, Md., $200, 3r, draw, Aug. 5.
Wright, Joe, beat Johnny Sullivan, Hesperia Village, Mich., purse, 20r, Aug. 17.
Whaler, Ed., and Jimmy Tallon, Boston, Mass., room, $400, 7r, 36m, T.'s arm broken, Oct. 6.
Weston, Jack, arrived at New York from England.
Walker, Charley, beat Peter Nolen, near Parkville, Kansas, $500, 6r, Nov. 15.

BRITISH FISTIANA.

Doings in the British Prize Ring During 1869.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

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In the department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

WAITING IN THE GARDEN.

SONG AND DANCE

'Twas walking in the garden,
Down beside the stile,
I met a little maiden,
With a winning smile;
Her cheeks were like the roses,
Sunny, golden hair;
Such teeth, of pearly whiteness:
Fairest of the fair.

Chorus.

Waiting in the garden, down beside the stile,
For a little maiden, with a winning smile;
Nothing e'er could cheer me, now I am so gay,
Since this little darling stole my heart away.

We walked along together,
Many things discussed;
I asked her if she'd love me,
If to me she'd trust;
She blushed, and looked so roguish,
Saying, with a smile,
"To-morrow night, at seven,
Meet me by the stile."

Chorus.—Waiting in the garden, &c.

Those fascinating glances
Were on me a spell;
I love her very dearly,
More than I can tell.
Oh, charming little maiden,
Heart so free from guile,
I've something sweet to tell you,
Down beside the stile.

Chorus.—Waiting in the garden, &c.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Clipper Post Office.

STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Ashton, Thomas
Arlington, Wm. (2)
Bartholomae, J. N.
Bryan, John
Bidaut, Sig. (2)
Burt, John H
Berry, T. S
Boston, Bill
Balfour, Alex
Bruce, C. Amory
Bryant, E. P.
Budd, Jake
Bidaux, Gustave
Carroll, E. M
Coleman, D. W
Carlotes, William
Clarke, J. E.
Crane, E. F.
Carr, E. E
Collier, Andrew
Collins, C
Cranny, Dar
Doughty, M. C.
Davis, J. C.
Devera, George F. (2)
Davenport, A. J.
Donelle, L. J
Dickerson, Charles
Dobson, Frank
Florence, Geo. A
French, J. M. (4)
Forrest, Charles
Forepaugh, Adam
Fish, Charles
Fordesque, C. K
Foote, Geo.
Frank's, Sig.
Frank, Henry
Frost, Hyatt
"Postile,"
Gaffney, Andrew
Grady, G. G.
Green, Ma) G. S.
Gayton, Frank
Gerdie, Chas. F

Holtum, John
Howes, E. C.
Hughes, M. O.
Harrington, Dr C. cero
Howard, C. L.
Hudson, P. O.
Hemmings, Richard
Henderson & White,
Hayes, Prof. A. W.
Holder, E. G. B
Hodge, Tacs. B.
Hudson, Chas. W
Kendall, E. F.
Kurtz, Geo.
Kelley & Leon,
Knight, Frank (1)
Landon, Harry (2)
Lovett, C. D.
Lockhill, C.
La Therese, Mons.
Lingham, Wm. C
"Modest Quencher,"
Morton, J. W.
Orton, Miles (2)
Oliver, John
Pike, G. W
Pilture, Wm. M.
Pease, D. H
Peak, Eddie S
Powell, Lee
Pratt, Chas. E
Parker, Charles
Rubini, Sig.
Rolande, Wm
Russell, Sol. Smith
Rested, Frank
Rouse, W. A
Rupert, Edwin
Sydney, Sam (2)
Scott, Stanley (2)
Sutton, J. F.
Surridge, J. H. (4)
Seavy, L. W.
Sealey, Charles

Smith, Avery
Templeton, John
Talbot, Harry
Wilson, Walter
Wilder, Frank
Watt, James
Washburn, Leon
Washburn, E. S
Washburn, F. W.
Warburzl, Thomas
Wildman, Fred
Bridges, Madam
Boshell, Alf.
Benson, Edith
Benson, Jennie
Barry, Mrs. Frank
Cushman, Pauline
Carroll, Mrs. E. M.
Clair, Emma
Clements, Mary
Crystal, Carrie
Congar, Pauline
De Lee, Julia
Eldridge, Sallie
Gardner, Eliza
Grattan, Emma
Hendon, Clara
Hudson, Leo
Howard, Victoria
Hunter, Nellie
Hill, Julia A.
Howard, Jessie
Lake, Agnes
Marietta, Millie
May, Georgie (2)
Nagle, Miss
Seymour, Marian
Sackett, Millie
Thompson, L.
Vernon, Ada
West, Sophie
White, Alice
Wellington, Lucille

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our residents' population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Admission $1. reserved seats, $1.50; Family Circle, 50c; Private Boxes, from $12 to $6. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 5d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 25c., Gallery, 20c. Doors open at 7, commences at 7½.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Admission $2; no extra charge for Reserved Seats, $1 and $1.50. Doors open at 1½ and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

FRENCH THEATRE—14th street, near 6th avenue.—General Admission, 50c.; Orchestra and Front Boxes, $1.50; Family Circle, 25c.; Proscenium Boxes, $8 and $10. Doors open at 7; commences at 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Admission, $1; Orchestra Chairs, $2; Parquet and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 25c.; Private Boxes (4 persons), $6; Proscenium Boxes (6 persons), $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 75c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Admission 75c. and 50c. Children, 25c.; to Reserved Seats, 50c. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

NEW YORK THEATRE—Broadway, near Eighth street.—Admission, $1, Parquet, 75c.; Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street.—General admission $1; Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1.30 and 7.30, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50, Reserved Seats in Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 25c; Balcony Seats for matinee, $1. Doors open at 7 and 7½, commences at 2 and 8.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Orchestra Chairs, $1; Parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c.; Private Boxes, $6. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.—Parquet, 50c. Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $5 and $5. Doors open at 1½ and 6½, commences at 2½ and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet, 25c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 2 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TRIMM'S—13th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—General admission, 50c; Reserved Seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c extra; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Admission, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Reserved Seats in Parquet and Dress Circle, $1; Private Boxes, $12. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WOOD'S THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra, 75c.; Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 30th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle, 50c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performances commence at 2 and 8.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Dayton, Ohio—"Beckel Opera House"—I. S. Church.
Goshen, N. Y.—"Music Hall"—H. Meech.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
Rock Island, Ill.—"Negus Hall"—J. Negus.
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera House"—B. Rouse.
Pittsburg, Pa.—"Continental Hall"—C. Etheridge.
Rome, N. Y.—"Sink's Opera House"—A. J. Sink.
Roanoke, Ill.—"Hardin Hall"—C. Hardin.
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. P. Lash
Salt Springs, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Rooney's Hall"—M. W. Rooney.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. A. McClure.
Carson City, Nev.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Frank.
Marcellus, N. Y.—"Union Hall"—R. H. Schultz.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Union Hall"—R. W. Hunt.
Elmira, N. Y.—"Stanard Hall"—S. T. Reynolds.
Charlotte, Mich.—"Sampson Hall"—Burns & Green.
Erie, Pa.—"Farrar Hall"—D. F. Enslen & Co.
Chicopee, Mass.—"Odeon Hall"—Wm. E. Wheeler.
Sandusky, O.—"Fisher Hall"—Fisher & Wiedel.
Williamsburg, N. Y.—"Liberty Hall and Theatre"—J. Frasential.
Terre Haute, Ind.—"Bowling Hall."
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Landmesser's National Hall and Theatre"—C. Kerr.
Carbondale, Pa.—"Nealon's Hall"—Jno Nealon.
Concord, N. H.—"Phœnix Hall"—Abel Hutchins
Beloit, Wis.—"Goodwin's Opera House"—S. J. Goodwin.
Portland, Me.—"Portland Theatre"—J. B. Thayer.
Mobile, Ala.—"Dunn's Hall" (from 5th to 6th)—Dunn.
Elmira, N. Y.—"Opera House"—Eli Wheeler.
Portsmouth, O.—"Wilhelm's Opera House"—Jno. Wilhelm.
Williamsburgh, L. I.—"Opera House."
Lowell, Mass.—"St. Crispin's Hall"—S. W. Roberts
Akron, O.—"Summer's Opera House"—Summer & Abbey
Sparta, Wis.—"Grover's Opera House"—W. E. Briggs
Cleveland, O.—"Rooser's Hall"—James H. Bryan & Co.
Newark, O.—"Wallace's Opera House"—Geo. Wallace.
Lexington, Ky.—"Odd Fellows' Hall"—J. Woodruff.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sel. & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Masonic Hall"—M. Brainerd
Fort Wayne, Ind.—"Colerick's Opera House"—Colerick
Aurora, Ill.—"Brady's Hall"—Thomas Tousley
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Temperance Hall"—W. W. Wainwright
Mount Vernon, O.—"Opera House"—F. G. Woodward
Louisville, Ky.—"Masonic Temple"—Wm. Cromey.
Charleston, S. C.—"Academy of Music"—J. L. Moses.
Pawtucket, Mass.—"White's New Music Hall"—L. E. A. L. White.
Shelbyville, Tenn.—"Cowan's Hall"—J. E. Cowan.
Paris, Ky.—"Odd Fellows' Hall"—J. M. Daniels.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Main Street Opera House"—John Parke

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Clarry & Reilly, 15, 14 and 16 Spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., 179 Nassau st., N. Y.
Richmond, Va.
Terry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Ford, Maver & Sons, 98 and 98 Fulton st., N. Y.
Circular Tickets Printed—A. S. Barnes, 51 Broadway, N. Y.
Wood Engravers—Eoylance & Purcell, 106 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Cards—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Andrew S. Hudson, 120 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Duclan, 438 Broome street, New York.
E. B. Kent, 113 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Shawls, etc.—Somers & Resnick, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Hy. C. Tripple, 110 N. 5th st., Philad., Pa.
J. O'Donnell, 263 Bowery, N. Y.
Rig and Clog Dancing—Mrs. K. S. Conway, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Jno. Bogan, 120 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 260 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above.
Ashley & Howard, 84 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill
Theatrical Agents—Lowrie & Simmonds, 809 Broadway, N. Y.
Thompson & Riggs, 612 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
John Hunley, 630 Broadway, N. Y.
Jas. G. Burnett & Co., 129 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
R. Fitzgerald, 612 Broadway, N. Y.
Bill Posters—P. G. Backus, Erie, Pa.
Wood & Co., Hoboken, N. J.
H. T. Burley, Erie, Pa.
J. R. Miller, Newark, O.
Wm. Hayes, Newark, O.
Prismatic Lights—Mallory & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.
Horse Tools, etc.—Morris & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass.
R. Sparks, 178 South st., N. Y.
Lamp Artists—J. W. Feeney, 694 Broadway, N. Y.
Magical Apparatus—M. Harris, 745 Broadway, N. Y.
Big Bills, Assembly Building, Philad., Pa.
Cannons—Mrs. Taylor, 176 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Wigs—Schmitz & Foster, 61 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Flags—M. Wenger, 3 Astor place, N. Y.
Ashley & Howard, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
R. M. De Wit, 13 Frankfort street, N. Y.
Burton, 62 Fourth avenue, N. Y.

Hotels and Saloons.

Grand Hotel—Dunbury, Conn.—Jesse Sands.
Metropolitan Hotel—Broadway, 5th st. and 4th av.—C. F. Wentes.
City Hotel—Lowell, Mass.—T. Wetherbee.
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leland.
Sun Bryant's—Cor. 32d street and Broadway, New York.

Death's Doings in the Profession for 1869.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There are some griefs so sudden and terrible—so sharp and keen in penetrating to the very centre of the affectionate nature, that we wonder why they do not kill outright. Such a grief is when our friends are taken from our midst by that fell destroyer, death, which has been very busy of late, and with an impartial step has trod his silent, gloomy way, removing the brilliant and the gay, and the young and the old, by a stern and inflexible decree. The busy walks of this life—it's joys and it's follies have been left behind for ever, to try the mysteries of eternity. Like a midnight sentinel, death is continually going his rounds, and sooner or later calls at every door. Gone from our gaze, gone from all they loved, from all that loved them, gone away to the invisible dwelling place, vain alike are our regrets and their expression. Where they sought pleasure, they have found only the grave; the mystery of death is only exceeded by the greater mystery of life. During the year 1864, there occurred one hundred and thirty-two deaths; in 1865, one hundred and ten souls took their flight to another world; in 1866, two hundred and thirty-two passed away; in 1867, the number was one hundred and twenty-nine; and in 1868, one hundred and forty-seven departed this life. The year now closed has witnessed the taking off of one hundred and th rt -four persons.

Anderson, Mr., Philadelphia, Sept. 8.
Adams, Isaac E., South Berwick, Me., Nov. 2.
Bentley, Mrs. Arthur, London, Eng., Dec. 4, 1869.
Bennett, George, Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 26, 1868.
Bland, Humphrey, New York, Jan. 17.
Barnard, Mrs. Charles, Dover, Eng., Jan. 30.
Boilgett, James, London, Eng., Feb. 3.
Blackhard, Cecilia, New York, Feb. 4.
Beneux, L. R., Cardenas, Cuba, Feb. 8.
Brown, Samuel E., Boston, Mass., Feb 14.
Berlioz, Hector, Paris, France, March 10
Ball, William, London, Eng., May 14.
Butler, Mrs. Robert, New York, May 14.
Broadhurst W., Bucklebury, Eng., May 28.
Boyd, Billy, New York, April 21.
Brook, Mark, Philadelphia, July 4.
Bruce, Mrs C. Amory, Hudson, Mass., June 20.
Burroughs, Watkins, Liverpool, Eng., July 12.
Beckett, Mrs. Clara, Birmingham, Eng., July 13.
Brooks, George, New York, Aug. 11.
Barrett, Viola Crocker, New York, Oct. 20.
Browne, James S., New York, Nov. 28.
Bond, Herbert, Wakefield, Eng., Nov. 2.
Bennett, George S., Cincinnati, O., Sept. 13
Collinson, Annie, London, Eng., Feb 1.
Craddock, Louisa, Nottingham, Eng., March 30.
Conse, Sig. Abijah, Columbus, Ind., June 10.
Carroll, Edward, Dublin, Ireland, July 14.
Cooke, Frank, Isle of Bute, Scotland, July 27.
Cooke, James, Portsmouth, Eng., Sept. 5.
Codecala, Johanna, Milan, Nov. 13.
Cooke, James, Portsmouth, Eng., Sept. 5.
Clinton, Arthur, Dover, Eng., Sept. 3.
Chregnor, Billy, Cherry Valley, Ill., Sept. 4.
Dodd, Mrs. Allen, Liverpool, Eng., May 12
Darivage, John, Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 27.
Donnelly, Lewis J., New York, Oct. 28.
Fortia, Ed. L., Buffalo, N. Y., April 10.
Fillo, Henry, Lambeth, Eng., May 3.
Fisher, Charles, Glasgow, Scotland, April 17.
Flynn, Andy, Huntsville, Ala., June 3.
Fiagelo, Mr., New York, May 15.
Fisher, Mary Ann, Philadelphia, Nov. 28.
Gill, Charles, England, May 12.
Gerry, Mr., Raleigh, N. C., July 15.
Grivis, S., New Orleans, July 31.
Gaul, John W., Philadelphia, Oct. 16.
Grisi, Giulia, Berlin, Nov. 29.
Ganz, Herr, London, Eng., Nov. 23.
Hutchinson, Geo. H., Cleveland, O., Feb. 26.
Hornecastle, James Henry, Worcestershire, Eng., May 8.
Hood, George, Philadelphia, May 18.
Hurst, Agnes, Middlesborough, Eng., June 6.
Hanley, J. G., Williamsburgh, L. I., Aug. 9
Henry, George R., East St. Louis, Aug. 21.
Hewson, Frank, Omaha, Sept. 16.
Hadley, Thos., Boston, Mass., Oct. 25.
Howson, Mrs Emma, New York, Dec. 7.
Jones, Dr. R. P., Buffalo, N. Y., May 6.
Kent, Mrs. Fred, New York, Jan 30.
Keeley, Robert Broughton, Eng., Feb. 3.
Kneas, Nelson, Chillicothe, Ohio, Sept. 10
Kruger, Mrs. Flora, Boston, Mass., Dec. 10.
Lyon, Thomas, Shrubtoddle, Eng., Jan. 23.
Lawler, John Wm., Glasgow, Scotland, April 13.
Lutz, John, Washington, D. C., April 17.
Lionel, Mrs. Jerome, Axbridge, Eng., July 31.
Lake, William, murdered at Granby, Mo., Aug. 21
Lockhart, Annie, Salt Lake City, Nov. 19.
Melbourne, H. R., Hull, Eng., Jan. 15.
Moore, Nelly, London, Eng., Jan 21.
Moligne, Bernhard, Cannstadt, Germany, May 13.
Manzocchi, Marrano, New York, Dec.
Mosley, John Douglas, Isle of Man, May 16.
McGinnis, Thomas, London, Eng., May 20.
Mitchell, Anna, New York, June 7.
Meadows, Drinkwater, Surrey, Eng., June 7
Miller, E. G. H., New York, Oct. 4.
Moon Richard M., Louisville, Ky., Oct. 11.
Meech, Wellington, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 12.
Mathews, Mrs Charles, London, Eng., Oct. 12.
Nicollet, M., Paris, France, January.
Nathans, Mrs John, Albion's Garden, New York
O'Brien, Mike, Algiers, La., April 23.
Pritchard, John, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., Dec. 24, 1868.
Pearson, Alfred, Oldham, Eng., Dec. 29, 1868.
Potter, John S., Morris Pl., Feb. 21.
Perains, Charles, Carapatton, Eng., May 18.
Peel, Tommy, Melbourne, Australia, July 31.
Parry, Robert, Liverpool, Eng., Aug. 15
Prendergast, John, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 15
Purcell, Mad. Bertha, London, Eng., Aug. 16.
Patti, M., Salvati, Paris, France, Aug. 17.
Persiani, M. Paris, France, Sept. 1.
Pray, Isaac C., New York, Nov. 28.
Perkins, Johnny, Marble Hill, Mo., Oct. 8.
Ronalt, William, Kutlish-town, Eng., June 18
Ryan, Thomas Henry, New York, June 21.
Robberds, Charles, Paddington, Eng., July 24.
Rogers, Mrs. Charles, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 14
Raymond Mollie, Geneseo, N. Y., Oct. 23.
Ryan, William, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12.
St. Denis, Marie, Melbourne, Australia, Oct. 10, 1868.
St. Clair, Augusta, Salt Lake City, Jan. 23.
Simpson, Joseph, London, Eng., Jan. 26.
Smith, William N., New York, Feb. 4.
Smith, Sol. St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 14.
Spear, Felix B., Boston, March 15.
Sands, Julia, Utica, N. Y., April 16.
Stephens, Dick, Cleveland, Ohio, May 17
Smith, Charles T., Buffalo, N. Y., Aug 19.
Stanton, Mr., murdered at Watrous, Canada, Sept. 4
Tyrrel, Mrs. Joseph, Rochdale, Eng., May 30.
Thornton, Emma, Wakefield, Eng., July 20.
Thompson, William, Gateshead, Eng., Sept. 2.
Thurrell, Robert, Windsor, Eng., July 3.
Turner, George, St. Louis, Aug. 27.
Vincent, W., January 30.
Von Bonhorst, Julius A., Reading, Pa., Feb. 15.
Vandamore, Mr., Bonifacs, Memphis, Tenn., May 26.
Vernon, Mrs., New York, June 4
Vandenburgh, Theo. H., Albany, N. Y., Aug. 9
Verner, Charles, London, Eng., Oct. 22.
Von Lin Hache, Theo., New Orleans, Nov. 25.
Wheatley, Mrs. Wm., New York, April 1.
Wells, Amelia, New York, May 14.
Wally, Louisa, drowned, Little Neck, L. I., July 13
Wilder, John C., New York, Aug. 16.
Wyld, Mrs. Vining Ealing, Eng., Sept. 26
White, Mrs. Elizabeth, New York, Oct. 23.
Woodward, Mrs., Birmingham, Eng., Oct. 24.
Whitier, Anna S., Boston, Mass., Dec. 4.
Young, Alex., New York, May 24.
Young, Richard, Crewe, Eng., Sept. 14.
Zanfretta, Louis, St. Thomas, W. I., Aug. 15

Chronology

OF

Events Transpiring in the World of Amusements During the Year 1869.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY.

4. C. W. Tayleure withdrew from the management of the Olympic Theatre, New York.
4. Opening of the Tammany, New York.
9. The 635th and final performance of Kelly and Leon's Minstrels in New York.
13. The Prince of Wales' Theatre, Glasgow, Scotland, destroyed by fire.
18. Opening of the New California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.
20. Kate Reignolds arrived from Europe.
23. Rose Massey arrived from England.
30. Roberts' Opera House, Hartford, Conn., inaugurated.
30. Funeral in New York of Humphrey Bland.
31. Riot at the Villanueva Theatre, Havana, Cuba.
31. M. Harris sailed for California.
25. The Rizarelli Brothers opened at the New York Circus.
25. Brougham's 5th Avenue Theatre, New York, opened.
30. Frank Lawlor returned from Europe.

FEBRUARY.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Florence opened in burlesque at Wood's Museum, New York.
1. The Theatre Comique, New York, re-opened.
1. "Much Ado About Nothing" produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York.
1. The "Forty Thieves" produced at Niblo's Garden, New York
1. Re-appearance of Nell Bryant with Bryants' Minstrels for the first time in three years.
1. Oceana sailed for California.
1. McKean Buchanan opened in New York, at the New York Theatre, with his dramatic company.
3. Booth's New Theatre, New York, opened with "Romeo and Juliet."
4. The roof of St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, Canada, fell with a terrible crash.
9. Geo Holt sailed for California.
15. The remains of John Wilkes Booth removed from the Arsenal, Washington, to Baltimore.
18. Debut of the Elise Holt Troupe in New York at the Waverley.
20. Debut of Neil Warner in America, at the New York Theatre, as Othello.
23. McKean Buchanan closed at the New York Theatre.

MARCH.

1. Debut in New York of Jennie Kimball
4. Four hundredth performance of "Humpty Dumpty," at the Olympic, New York.
8. Brougham's new burlesque, "Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice," produced in New York.
10. Debut of Henry Moesinger, a German, at the New York Theatre.
10. Anniversary of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre, New York.
11. C. W. Tayleure returned from Paris.
15. Arrival of Miss Marriott from England.
15. Production of "School" at the Park Theatre, New York.
15. Debut in London, Eng., of Susan Denin.
22. First rehearsal of the Musical Peace Jubilee in Boston.
27. Debut of Miss Marriott as Hamlet in Wood's Museum, New York.
29. Opera House Detroit, Mich., opened for the first time.
31. A somersault turned in mid air at the Tammany, New York, by the Gregories.
31. C. W. Tayleure opened the Grand Opera House, New York, with the "Tempest."

APRIL.

5. "Opera Bouffe" produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.
10. Kelly and Leon sailed for England.
12. "Othello" presented at Edwin Booth's Theatre, New York.
12. Tony Pastor's Opera House, New York, commenced the season.
21. Pony Moore arrived from Europe.
22. Benefit of Neil Bryant at the Academy of Music, New York, and re-appearance of Dan Bryant as an Irish comedian.
26. The burlesque of "Robinson Crusoe" produced at the Tammany, New York.
28. Final performance at the Broadway Theatre, New York
29. Fanny Janauschek returned to Europe.

MAY.

3. The American comic opera of "Aban Hassam," by G. E. Miles, was produced at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore.
8. The burlesque of "Robinson Crusoe," produced at Wood's Museum, New York, for the debut of the Simpson Troupe from London.
10. Debut of Nellie Rogers in New York
12. Pony Moore returned to England.
12. The one hundreth performance of the "Forty Thieves" at Niblo's Garden, by the Lydia Thompson Troupe.
14. Wallack's opera of "Lurline" produced for the first time in America, at the Academy, New York.
15. J. Holmes Grover sailed for Italy as U. S. Consul to Ancona.
16. Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, destroyed by fire.
16. The pantomime of "Hiccory Diccory Dock" produced at the Olympic Theatre, New York.
19. The John Brougham testimonial at Niblo's Garden and the French Theatre, New York.
24. "Patrie" produced at the Grand Opera House, New York.
27. Margie Mitchell became a mother.
29. The Henderson and Butler difficulty at Niblo's Garden, New York.
29. "Sinbad the Sailor" produced at Niblo's Garden, New York.
31. Debut in America of the Kiralfy Troupe of dancers at the Olympic, New York.
31. Debut of Edward Righton, at the Theatre Comique, New York.

JUNE.

1. Arrival from Germany of the mammoth elephant "Empress."
7. Debut of the Lauri Family at Wallack's Theatre, New York.
7. Marriage of Edwin Booth and Mary McVicker.
7. Funeral of Mrs. Vernon.
15. First Concert of the Boston Musical Jubilee.
15. Selwyn's Boston Company opened in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.
21. Lucille Western opened at the Grand Opera House, New York.
21. "Enoch Arden" produced at Booth's Theatre, New York.
26. The remains of John Wilkes Booth were buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

JULY.

6. The Clifton W. Tayleure and Dominick Murray difficulty at Niblo's Garden, New York.
8. Marriage of Lizzie Price to Willie Winkle, in New York.
8. Debut in London of Bernard, Backus and Wambold with Pony Moore's Christy Minstrels.
12. Billy Emerson married in Covington, Ky., to Maggie Homer.
18. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins opened an engagement in New York at the Theatre Comique.
19. Debut of J. P. Cathcart at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in "Dora."
23. Canterbury Hall, Washington, destroyed by fire.
24. Sangalli terminated her lengthy engagement at the Olympic, New York.
27. Return from England of Walter Keeble.
28. Chang, the Chinese giant, arrived here from England.
24. Kate Dunn married in New York to George Bennett.
31. The Lydia Thompson Troupe closed at Niblo's Garden, New York.

AUGUST.

2. John E. Owens opened an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, New York.
2. Joseph Jefferson opened at Booth's Theatre, New York.
2. "Arrah Na Pogue" produced at Niblo's Garden, New York, with Dan Bryant as Shaun.
2. The Warrell Sisters opened at Wood's Museum, New York.
16. Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, opened by Augustin Daly.
23. Production of "The Sea of Ice" at the Grand Opera House, New York.
28. A. H. ("Dolly") Davenport married to Frankie McClellan in St. Louis, Mo.

SEPTEMBER.

6. Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, opened by Wm. E. Sinn as a variety place of amusement.
6. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" produced at the Olympic, New York.
6. "Formosa" produced at Niblo's Garden, New York, for the first time in America.
8. The first of the Hanley testimonial at Booth's Theatre. The second one was given at the Academy of Music on the 10th, and the third at Wallack's Theatre on the 11th.
11. Return to America of George Jordan.
15. Re appearance of Mr. Herrman at the Academy of Music, New York.
18. Debut in America of Rose Hersee at the French Theatre, New York, as Amina in "La Somnambula," with the Parepa Rosa Troupe.
20. James Mace, the English champion, made his debut at the Tammany, New York, in his stages.
22. Kate Bateman Crowne opened an engagement at Booth's Theatre, New York.
23. Goose race near Chicago, Ill., between Bob Hart and others.
23. Leggett and Allen, the pedestal clog dancers, made their American debut with the San Francisco Minstrels.
27. Rita Percy made her first appearance in America at the Theatre Comique, New York, in her statue representations.
27. Elise Holt divorced from her husband in California.

OCTOBER.

4. Appearance of Mrs. Scott Siddons at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York
6. E. Eddy sued in Boston by Edwin Forrest for playing "Jack Cade."
11. The New York Circus opened for the season.
13. Frank Dobson married to Jennie Wallace.
16. Belle Boyd sent to the insane asylum, San Francisco, Cal
23. Last concert at the Boston Coliseum. On that day the structure and furniture were put up at lottery.
23. Josie Crocker was married in Chicago to H. A. Hight.

NOVEMBER.

5. Emma Webb married to Mr. Navarre.
6. The Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., destroyed by fire.
8. Jennie Worrell married to James H. Barre.
10. George Boiter and Rose Rytinge married in New York.
11. Mdlle. Sagrino met with an accident in St. Louis.
15. The Gaiety Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis., destroyed by fire
29. Allen, Pettengill, Delehanty and Hengler's Minstrels opened in New York.

DECEMBER.

1. Banjo match in Philadelphia between Charles Dobson and Jerome May.
3. Galveston, Texas, Theatre destroyed by fire.
9. Ione Burke returned from England.
13. McKee Rankin married in Boston to Kittie Blanchard.
13. Miss Marriott sailed for England.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Dec. 27, '69.

This is the last time we shall have an opportunity to converse with you through the columns of our "invaluable paper" for the year now fast drawing to its close. It has been a pleasant year to most of us, no doubt, and our wish is that 1870 may prove to be no less peaceful and happy. We have much to be thankful for, but it's very doubtful if we ever think of returning thanks for the many blessings we enjoy; if fortune attends our efforts, we take it for granted as being in order, and impatiently look for more good luck; if disaster overtakes us or the cards don't run serenely, we growl and grumble like the conventional bear with a sore head. It seems to be our nature to be dissatisfied. We inherit it, probably, from Adam and Eve. *They* had a nice thing of it—everything that the market afforded, and all to themselves, too; nice turkeys and ducks, and venison, and egg plants, and Saddle Rocks, and soft shell clams, and porter-house steaks, and lobster, and chicken salad, and mince pies, and pumpkin pies, and peaches, and pears, and all sorts of fruits in season; they could go wherever they wanted to go without its costing them anything—could see the menagerie for nothing, and have nice drives, and all that, but the miserable creatures were not satisfied with it all; they wanted something more, which served to show their selfish and dissatisfied natures. Just because the Newtown pippins were denied them, Newtown pippins they *must* have, and what was the result? The pusillanimous couple were turned out of the orchard, had to go to work for their victuals and clothes, the same as other people, and all through this grasping for more. And that's the way it is with the rest of us—never satisfied, never at rest, never inclined to look on the better side of human nature. But this is not a sermon. Brother Frothingham will attend to that, and return thanks for what those two—Mr. and Mrs. Adam—have been to each other, and all that. Our mission is to amuse and drive dull care away. But have you noticed how mutely the years roll round now-a-days? They used to be *twice* as long as they are now; at least *we* thought so. Wonder why it is. It only seems like a few months ago that we bade adieu to 1868, and now we are doing the same to '69. None of us are as young as we once were, are we? But to some of us old Father Time goes a trifle *too* fast. May be its because we're going down hill. Who knows? Our body isn't going down hill quite fast enough, you will always find plenty of people ready to give a body a lift in that direction; its so easy, such a little matter to give a feller a poke on the down grade, isn't it? If a body could only get the slightest assistance while struggling upward, if some of those who take such pleasure in running us down would only give us a boost while looking upward, how nice things would be, how comfortable we all could get along. And—but we must stop this preaching, or Brother Beecher will think that, like the gentleman he recently united in marriage on the verge of the tomb, we are poaching on another man's preserves. And talking about meeting time, and all that, puts us in mind of something. "How old are you?" asked a wag of a friend of ours, the other day, a man well on in years, without showing it much, and who will preserve *the boy* as long as he lives. "How *old* am I?" he echoed, "forty-two; I don't care who knows *my* age." "Forty two! well, *stick* to that! *I* was forty-two once myself, but I let it go by, like a noodle, and have never been forty-two since!" The venerable wag's friend was right. Age should not destroy the child; the child is the original, and man is merely a superstructure of the boy. Even the bible tells us to "put off the old man," and it is an unfortunate sign for a man's happiness when he has forgotten his boyish feeling.....Are you going to watch meeting, boys? Did you ever attend one? Its a more solemn gathering than many of us have any idea of. For a few moments before the expiration of the old year the congregation join

of acting. May Saville, as Laura Franklin, and Harry Crisp, as Lord Oatenbrooke, her spooney lover, were correct and well done. The John Rawlings of J. T. Fannin was excellent. The Katy Jessop of Louisa Hawthorne was greatly admired, and the comical make-up and acting of Miller Beaft, as a Jewish banker, elicited the liveliest merriment and vociferous recalls. The many phases of character worked up in the play, and the *contretemps* attending them, the thrilling episodes (especially the fire scene) the deep cunning of the villain, the gullibility of the weak-minded doctor, the inconstancy of the lover and despair of the loving, the financial crisis, the foibles and follies of the upper ten and vagaries of the lower million, are all skilfully and naturally drawn by a master hand, and depicted to the life by the really excellent troupe at present at the Holliday. The play closes with a good moral spoken by Coram, to Jim Smiley, to wit:—wherever you may be, at home or abroad, ever keep your eye fixed upon the guiding star of Truth, and then you will never want for a friend, or be Lost at Sea. This piece is the current attraction and will be run during the entire holiday season. It promises to be a success.

OF PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS our correspondent writes the following:—"Amusement seekers during the past week, with the exception of Christmas night, have sought such amusement as is to be found in purchases at 'dollar stores' and the concoction of presentation surprises in behalf of Santa Claus. In consequence business has been light, but on Christmas night every place of amusement in the city was crowded to suffocation.....The present is the last week of Kate Bateman at the Walnut. 'Leah' forming the attraction. Miss Bateman receives a benefit on Friday night, and will also appear at the Saturday *matinee* in the 'Lady of Lyons.' Jan. 3d, after months of preparation, elaborate scenary and strict attention to details, will be presented for the first time a new drama in four acts, by Watts Phillips, entitled 'Not Guilty.' The action takes place in England and India, and the effects are said to be of remarkable variety and impressiveness; every scene, it is promised, will be new, and from original designs. From the engagement of a large *ballet*, we are led to believe that an opportunity will be given of studying the symmetry of feminine understandings, which is pursued with zeal even by those who 'wear the grey' of the friends.....Mrs. E. D. Wallace's dramatization of 'Little Dorrit' continues the attraction at the Arch. The authoress made a creditable first appearance, although laboring under the nervousness attendant upon a novice in a *debut* before the footlights. Mrs. Drew has purchased, and will soon produce, the new Dickens drama, 'Little Em'ly,' as adapted by Andrew Halliday.....'Christmas Eve' and 'Beauty and the Beast' retain the boards at Laura Keene's Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday will be played, for the first time on any stage, Matilda Heron and Laura Keene's five act temperance drama, with the significant title of 'Champagne; or Step by Step,' with new scenery by J. S. Schell and T. S. Plaisted. A remarkable case of infatuation, as romantic as it is strange, has come to our knowledge. For nearly one hundred nights a young man just out of his teens, genteely dressed, well behaved and of engaging presence, has attended this theatre, and as regularly as the gallery doors have opened he has been the first to present his quarter at the box window, apparently never tiring of gazing upon his dramatic ideal, Laura Keene. He has come to be known to the doorkeepers and officers of the house as 'the regular,' and his attendance at the opening of an evening is as much expected as the presence of an *attache*. We think in the aggregate at the end of the season this hallucinated youth can claim a premium, as the chief individual supporter of the establishment.....A large party, composed of the principal members of the company at the Chestnut, celebrated Christmas by sitting down at the close of the evening's performance to a spread of good things prepared for the occasion. It was one of those pleasant affairs that serve as red letters in our book of life, cement friendship and cultivate a general good feeling.....J. D. Stockton, of the *Morning Post*, is writing two plays for J. S. Clarke.....J. M. Fields, of the Boston Museum, made a flying visit to this city last week; Frank Mayo was also in town.....Larry Tooley commences an engagement at the American Theatre on Monday evening, when Prof. Richard Dodd, with his performing dogs Sport and Dash will, also, make a first appearance. Harry Leslie performs his great tight-rope act, Andy Hughes, clubbist, re-appears, and the usual *olliopodrida* of pantomime, *ballet* and Ethiopian eccentricities will be served up. Jan. 3d, Frank Gibbons, Jennie Benson and Thos. Winnett make a first appearance.....The Hanlon Troupe continue during the week at the Academy of Music, announcing a 'Little Bob' *matinee* on Wednesday afternoon."

GEORGE GRAY'S COMBINATION appeared in Auburn, N. Y., on Christmas day in "Ben Bolt" and a variety entertainment.

MITCHELL AND RICHARD'S COMPANY were in Fort Dodge, Iowa, on Dec. 23d, when William Marble took a benefit.

JOHN BROUGHAM concluded an engagement of two weeks at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 25th. The Richings' English Opera Troupe follow this week, remaining six nights only.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN'S COMPANY were to open in Fort Wayne, Ind., on Dec. 27th, for five nights.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" has been successfully produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. The *Eagle* of that city says:—"One part calls for special notice, the assumption of the *role* of Puck by Little Jennie Yeamans. The performance of a character so arduous and elaborate as this elfish creation of Shakespeare's genius, by a child of only six years, may be fairly considered as a feat unparalleled in the history of the stage. It is a long part to commit to memory and a severe tax on so young a child, and the common fate of prodigies and infant phenomena whose brains are overtasked too soon is apt to be recalled. Still let us do the little girl justice; her performance is really the most remarkable feature of the play."

BIDDLES' COMPANY is traveling through Wisconsin, with John Dillon as the star. They were in Berlin on Dec. 16th, and played "The Octoroon," when an accident occarred. In the first scene of act four there is an altercation between McClosky and another, in the course of which a pistol was accidentally discharged in the face of Ed. Clifford, who was removed to a hotel, and with the aid of a physician his injuries were at once attended to. This company consists of Ed. Clifford, J. W. Tohey, E. B. Marden, R. K. Hodges, J. Biddles, J. G. Reynolds, Belle Raymond and Mrs. J. Biddles.

C. E. BIDWELL'S COMPANY continue on the even tenor of their way, says a correspondent, who adds:—"Business is good—at least for the season and bad weather they encounter. They closed in Lowell, Mass., on Dec. 25th, with 'Oliver Twist;' Dollie Bidwell as Nancy, in which she has lately achieved a brilliant success. Melburn as Bill Sykes, Bidwell as Fagin, Lillie Wilkinson as Oliver, and Charlie Wilkinson as the Dodger. This party open in Providence, R. I., Dec. 27th, for three nights; 30th, New Bedford, for three nights; Jan. 3d and 4th Pawtucket, and thence to Worcester, Mass., for four nights."

OF DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in the "Crescent City" we are advised by our correspondent, "Crescent," who, under date of NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 26th, says:—"Under the influence of an increased trade, and the influx of visitors from the country, all our theatres have done a better average business this week, especially the Varieties, where J. E. Owens continues to illustrate in his own style such characters as John Unit, in which he has appeared for five nights. On the 17th he appeared as Dr. Pangloss, in the 'Heir at Law.' His little portrayal of John Unit was highly appreciated, and his Dr. Pangloss was equally good. In both pieces he was well supported, especially in 'Self.' The Mary Apex by Bella Pateman was a gem. This evening was presented, for the first time this season, 'Dot.' This evening Mr. Doud appears as John Perrybingle; Mr. Morton as Tackleton; Mr. Kay as Ned; Miss Stocqueler as Dot; Mrs. Cline as Tilly; Miss Pateman as Bertha, and Mr. Owens as Caleb Plummer. He was well sustained by those cast in the drama, which was put on the stage in the usual complete style of this house. This is Mr. Owens' last week, and large audiences are expected. On Dec. 27th Mrs. Scott Siddons will commence an engagement, appearing in a series of her beautiful Shakespearean impersonations.....At the Academy of Music Mrs. H. P. Bowers has fully sustained her well known reputation for a refined and painstaking actress, who, in a dignified and graceful manner, wins admiration. Her deep and sympathetic voice is capable of expressing every shade and variety of emotion, and her commanding presence lends to her personations a force and massiveness that is indispensable in the rendition of those characters which she has made a specialty. During the past week she has delighted large audiences by her performance of Clara Melville, in 'Snare,' in which she was ably sustained by J. C. McCullom as Harry Melville. In connection with 'Snare,' I must say that the Mrs. Mumble by Mrs. Younge was the most decided success of the cast; with a scene lasting but a few minutes she won a decided triumph by the make-up, tone and expression with which she portrayed that character. On Dec. 17th Mrs. Bowers appeared in 'Love's Masquerade,' sustaining the character of Donna Diana in a brilliant and vivacious manner, and in which she was ably sustained by the rest of the company. The play was well put on the stage; in fact, 'Love's Masquerade' may be set down as the success of the week. On Dec. 18th 'Leah' was produced to quite a fair audience, with Mrs. Bowers as the Jewish maiden, a character rendered by her with great force, especially in the curse scene. On Sunday the management put on a regular all night bill, commencing with the third and fourth act of 'Mary Stuart,' followed by the romantic play of 'Guy Mannering,' Mrs. Bowers appearing as Mary Stuart and Meg Merrles, the performance concluding with 'Katherine and Petruchio,' with Mr. McCollom as Petruchio and Miss Ella Wren as Katherine. On the evening of Dec. 20th 'Last Lynne' was played in good style, Mrs. Bowers appearing as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, Mr. McCollom as Sir Francis Levison, A. H. Davenport as Archibald Carlyle. It was carefully played all though and most excellently placed on the stage. It was expected that Mr. Leffingwell would have commenced an engagement this evening but arrangements have been effected so that he proceeded direct to Texas, Mrs. Bowers staying here another week, when she will be succeeded by Elise Holt and her blondes in the burlesque of 'Lucretia Borgia, M. D.' Manager Bidwell continues to improve, and it is hoped that he will be able to get out once more on Christmas day.....At the St. Charles Theatre Mr. Chanfrau continued his drama of 'Kit' to fair audiences until December 17th, when he produced the 'Ticket of Leave Man,' sustaining the character of Bob Brierly. He was well supported by the company, repeating the same bill both at the Saturday *matinee* and evening. On Sunday the house was crowded by the friends of that gentleman. An excellent bill was put up, consisting of the 'Hidden Hand,' with Mr. Chanfrau as Wool and Miss Alice Gray as Capitola, after which 'Ireland As It Was' was well played, with J. W. Hill as Dan O'Carolan, S. W. Ashley as Ragged Pat, and Miss Boniface as Judy O'Trot. This evening 'Kit' was revived to only a fair audience. It is expected that 'Mose' and other Chanfrau specialties will be produced during the week. On Dec. 27th the Lydia Thompson Troupe will commence another engagement, when it may be safely predicted that the old Drury of New Orleans will do a business equal to, if not larger, than any other house in the city. During the engagement of the blondes Manager Pope will take his dramatic company to Mobile, with John E. Owens as his star.....The following are the receipts of the different houses reported to the Internal Revenue:—September—Academy of Music, opened 27th, $2,010; October—Academy of Music, $15,480; Varieties, $10,267; St. Charles, $5,900; November—Academy of Music, $13,500; French Opera House, opened on the 8th, $12,500; St. Charles, 9,217; Varieties, $8,834."

THE PARRINGTON SISTERS announce that Sol Yewell is no longer in their employ as agent.

JOHN R. OWENS opens in Mobile, Ala., on Dec. 27th, with the company from the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans.

JOHN COLLINS opened in Vicksburg, Miss., on Dec. 26th, in "The Irish Ambassador." This week Mrs. James A. Oates' Troupe are the attraction.

MARIETTA RAVEL opens a brief engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., on Jan. 3d, under the management of Frank Lawlor. The "French Spy" will be the opening piece.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, South Bend, Ind., was opened on Dec. 13th by J. L. Barrett's company, and the house was full. The opening bill was the "Child of the Regiment" and "All that Glitters is not Gold." Miss Carrie Wight appeared as the Child of the Regiment, supported by Mr. Tom G. Roberts as Guliot; Mr. Geo. A. Wilcox as Sergt. Scallade, and Mr. J. L. Barrett as Pumpenikle. Mr. Roberts seemed to have a thorough conception of the character, as also did Mr. Wilcox, but Mr. Barrett, although exceedingly funny, greatly overdid the character of Pumpenikle. In the last piece Mr. W. C. Pope appeared as Stephen Plum and Mary E. Hill as Martha Gibbe, and both met with a cordial reception. The company, one of the best that has ever visited us, is as follows:—J. L. Barrett, manager; Tom G. Roberts, acting and stage manager; W. C. Pope, leading; Jas. Langdon, Geo. A. Wilcox, J. J. Neier, J. D. Murray, T. Nolan, J. Riley; Mary E. Hill, leading lady; Miss Jessie Howard, Miss Adele Crocker, and Mrs. Geo. Wilcox. O. R. Benjamin is treasurer.

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes us as follows on Dec. 24th:—"The week opened at Wood's with the benefit of E. A. Locke, the low comedian, on Monday night, as Lotta played at Niblo's Saturday night and could not get here on time. The *beneficiaire* had out a bill that did credit to his honor. The programme consisted of 'A Match in the Dark,' with Gotthold, Church, Clara Morris and Mrs. Moore in the *roles*; 'First Night,' Locke doing the old Frenchman and Miss Rickords his daughter—his bass drum solo being a feature; and 'Handy Andy.' Mr. Gotthold also recited, with considerable vim, the 'Vagabonds.' There was a very fair attendance. Lotta opened Tuesday night in the 'Pet of the Petticoats' and 'Kit, the Good for Nothing.' It was a very bad night—a rain storm after a heavy snow fell, but notwithstanding all this the house was packed. She certainly meets with a most enthusiastic reception out here. In the farce she executed a banjo solo, and an Emersonian song and dance, with the greatest spirit and grace. In this last act she was called out, at a fair estimate, a dozen times, and was not let off till thoroughly exhausted. The bill for Wednesday and Thursday nights was 'Female Detective,' and 'An Object of Interest.' On Friday, for her benefit, Lotta appeared as Sam Willoughby, in the 'Ticket of Leave Man.' The play was cast excellently well, embracing Macauley as Bob Brierly, Gotthold as Hawkshaw, Whiting as Jem Dalton, and Clara Morris as May Edwards. Lotta remains next (this) week, during which she will appear as 'Little Nell,' and is to be followed by Rachel Johnson in the 'Sea of Ice'.....Pantomime reigned supreme at the National during the week. George L. Fox and troupe have been playing 'Humpty Dumpty' with fair success, but by no means a rush of biz. It (Humpty) has twice before been given here by Tony Denier and troupe, and the differences in the two productions are not enough to attract those who saw it once. There is an endless series of fun in the piece and the transformation scene is beautiful; the only fault to be found with the piece is its length. Three hours of dumb show is a little trying on the patience. The pantomimists are under the wing of Samuel Colville, who brought out the National Theatre several years ago from a played-out concert hall to be what it is. He has a host of friends in this burgh. The troupe will remain another week and will probably produce a different pantomime; if so, they will draw well. The Kiralfy *ballet* troupe, who appear in 'Humpty Dumpty,' are good.

CATHERINE LUCETTE has recovered from her illness, and is prepared to accept engagements as juvenile leading or burlesque. Address as per advertisement.

A LEADING LADY, leading man, comedian and several other people are wanted. Address A. P. L. G., as per advertisement.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST our correspondent, "C. de L.," under date of San Francisco, Dec. 16th, furnishes us with the following data of theatrical interest:—"This is the season for music, mirth and frolic, the prologue to a merry Christmas, the overture of a very joyous time. At Maguire's Opera House the *petite* Bonfanti and her troupe opened last Monday evening, with 'Robinson Crusoe' to a house so crowded that a mouse might have found it hard work to squeeze through. The good people were wild with enthusiasm, and the fair little *danseuse*, together with Mons. Von Hamme, were greeted with showers of boquets. Von Hamme is a clever dancer, one of the best *maitre de ballets* I have known for many a day. The burlesque is clever, the local hits are pointed and the appointments gorgeous. Sue Robinson is the hero of the piece, and makes a most captivating Robinson Crusoe; Harry Thompson as Will Atkins, Sinclair as Friday, King as Hop-de-dooden-doo, James Cook as Clown, and Kate Wilson as Columbine, are all *au fait*. The production of this burlesque, strange as it may appear, has caused quite an excitement among theatre-goers.....Brignoli's Opera Troupe still hold possession of the boards at the California Theatre. The season is to be prolonged for four nights during the coming week. 'Martha,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and 'The Barber of Seville' have each been produced here twice. With the exception of Brignoli, who, when he is in humor, can sing, and Susini, the basso, the troupe is weak, and altogether inferior to the Parepa troupe. Miss McCulloch's voice is not clear and lacks school; Miss Hinne, the contralto, is possessed of a rather pleasingly mellow voice, but it lacks force; Miss Emelie Melville took her annual benefit last evening, when 'Armand' and 'Who Killed Cock Robin' were produced to a large house. The little *benefactaire* was called before the curtain at the end of the performance and presented with a profusion of floral offerings, after which she made a very neat little speech. 'Still Waters Run Deep' is in rehearsal.....The Martinetti family are doing fairly at the Metropolitan Theatre with the pantomime of 'Jack and Gill.' A new burlesque is announced for production next week.....The Alhambra is still running with the Mack Minstrels. Geo. Coes, the popular middle man, who is engaged for your Theatre Comique, takes his benefit this evening.

.....John Wilson (not the circus manager, but the actor) left last Monday for Salt Lake to join his Kate Denin. The pair intend to go to Washington, where they intend to rest awhile.....Bamford, the masculine cantatrice, takes his departure for the east to-day.....Manager Maguire has secured a lease of Mozart Hall, on Post street near Kearny, which he proposes to open on Monday, Dec. 21st, at popular prices—fifty and twenty-five cents admission.' The San Francisco Minstrels, headed by Joe Murphy and Ben Cotton, with Baker, Raynor, Jackson and Edwards, are retained for this house."

THE COMPANY engaged to support C. W. Couldock and daughter were left penniless in Kalamazoo, Mich., on Dec. 19th.

MORTON PRICE advertises that he can be engaged for light comedy, juvenile leading and burlesque.

J. O. SEFTON denies the report that he had broken up the company and closed the season, owing the members their salaries. He says he does not owe one of the members a single dollar.

FRANK MAYO opens in Cleveland, Ohio, on Jan. 3d.

FROM THE FAR WEST.—A correspondent, writing on Dec. 17th from Helena, Montana, says:—"Amy Stone is now playing a successful engagement at Langrishe's Opera House, Helena, Montana. She is a thorough *artiste*, and one of those actresses who, on account of their versatility of talent, will do well in the mountains. She has become very popular with the people.....Kate Denin has been delighting the quiet denizens of Salt Lake. The business is not so good as Kate deserves, owing to a general stagnation in trade, but she has the satisfaction of pleasing the Mormons. John Wilson has joined her lately. The Salt Lake Theatre has been greatly improved in appearance lately. It has been newly plastered and the walls tastefully decorated. The scenery has been improved.....The Martinetti's will visit the mountain region shortly.....F. Bates is now organizing a company for Victoria."

EMMA MADDERN closed a two weeks' engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 25th. Our correspondent, "J. E. H.," says:—"Emma Maddern appeared as Fanchon, in the drama of that name, on Dec. 20th, to an audience not large on account of the inclemency of the weather, but with a full appreciation of the merits of the play, or with the acting by the members of their several *roles*. On the 21st the 'Hidden Hand' was presented, Emma Maddern giving an admirable impersonation of Capitola. 'Satan in Paris,' with Miss Maddern in six characters, was produced on the 22d to a larger audience than on the previous evening. On the 23d 'Pet of the Petticoats' and 'Katy O'Shea' were repeated, Miss Maddern appearing as Paul and Kathy, with songs and dances. For Miss M's farewell benefit, on the 24th, the 'French Spy' and 'Pocahontas' were given. Edwin Adams will be the star attraction next (this) week, opening on Dec. 27th in 'Enoch Arden.'"

MARY MITCHELL-ALBAUGH AND J. W. ALBAUGH opened a week's engagement on Dec. 20th at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., in "Oakdale Farm," and during the week appeared in "Madelaine," "Out in the Street" and "Eustache" to fair but not crowded houses. Robert McWade is the attraction for this week, opening in "Rip Van Winkle."

BLANCHARD AND HIS DOGS, supported by a portion of the Griswold Opera House company from Troy, with May Fiske as the star, filled out five nights the past week at the Glens Falls Opera House.

THE COMPANY engaged for the new Trimble Opera House, Albany, N. Y., are called for rehearsal on Wednesday, Dec. 29th, as the opening is fixed for Dec. 30th.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Elizabeth, N. J., having been leased by N. C. Forrester, the manager of a traveling dramatic company publishes a card in another column, in which he states that he is prepared to negotiate with any kind of an entertainment to play on a certainty or shares. The opera house is a new one, and well adapted to the wants of the traveling showman.

EDWIN FORREST is in Indianapolis, Ind., this week.

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SHOO FLY, and other popular music can be had of White, Smith & Perry, whose address is in another column.

THE MILLION can buy popular songs of Harding, who advertises in another column.

Variety Halls.

THE FOLLOWING is the law governing variety entertainments in Omaha, lately passed by the Common Council:—

SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Omaha that all places of public resort where light comedies, farces and burlesques are chiefly produced and where *ballet* dancing, ballads and burlesque songs are the leading feature thereof, and all theatrical exhibitions and public shows, and all exhibitions of whatever name or nature, which are commonly classed as varieties or Comique theatres as well as music halls, where women are employed in the capacity of waiters or otherwise, are hereby prohibited within the limits of said city.

SEC. 2. It is hereby declared a criminal offence for any person to engage in any occupation expressed or implied in section one of this ordinance, either as principal, assistant, agent or employee, and any person so offending shall, upon conviction before the Police Judge, be fined for the first offence not less than fifty dollars, and double that sum for the second offence, and shall be imprisoned for the second offence, not less than thirty days, nor more than three months, in the discretion of said Police Judge.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Marshal, upon this ordinance becoming a law, to suppress all places of public resort referred to or within the meaning of section one of this ordinance, and to arrest, with or without warrant, any and all persons offending against this ordinance, either as principal, agent or employee of said place or resort.

ANNA FLORENCE, jig dancer, advertises that she can be engaged.

THE COMPANY at present engaged at the International, Toledo, Ohio, consists of Belle Williams, vocalist; Tillie Antonio, *danseuse*; Emma Dormer, jigsist; Annie Maguire's Opera House the *petite* Bonfanti and her troupe opened last Monday evening, with 'Robinson Crusoe' to a house so crowded that a mouse might have found it hard work to squeeze through. The good people were wild with enthusiasm, and the fair little *danseuse*, together with Mons. Von Hamme, were greeted with showers of boquets. Von Hamme is a clever dancer, one of the best *maitre de ballets* I have known for many a day. The burlesque is clever, the local hits are pointed and the appointments gorgeous. Sue Robinson is the hero of the piece, and makes a most captivating Robinson Crusoe; Harry Thompson as Will Atkins, Sinclair as Friday, King as Hop-de-dooden-doo, James Cook as Clown, and Kate Wilson as Columbine, are all *au fait*. The production of this burlesque, strange as it may appear, has caused quite an excitement among theatre-goers.....Brignoli's Opera Troupe still hold possession of the boards at the California Theatre. The season is to be prolonged for four nights during the coming week. 'Martha,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and 'The Barber of Seville' have each been produced here twice. With the exception of Brignoli, who, when he is in humor, can sing, and Susini, the basso, the troupe is weak, and altogether inferior to the Parepa troupe. Miss McCulloch's voice is not clear and lacks school; Miss Hinne, the contralto, is possessed of a rather pleasingly mellow voice, but it lacks force; Miss Emelie Melville took her annual benefit last evening, when 'Armand' and 'Who Killed Cock Robin' were produced to a large house. The little *benefactaire* was called before the curtain at the end of the performance and presented with a profusion of floral offerings, after which she made a very neat little speech. 'Still Waters Run Deep' is in rehearsal.....The Martinetti family are doing fairly at the Metropolitan Theatre with the pantomime of 'Jack and Gill.' A new burlesque is announced for production next week.....The Alhambra is still running with the Mack Minstrels. Geo. Coes, the popular middle man, who is engaged for your Theatre Comique, takes his benefit this evening.

.....John Wilson (not the circus manager, but the actor) left last Monday for Salt Lake to join his Kate Denin. The pair intend to go to Washington, where they intend to rest awhile.....Bamford, the masculine cantatrice, takes his departure for the east to-day.....Manager Maguire has secured a lease of Mozart Hall, on Post street near Kearny, which he proposes to open on Monday, Dec. 21st, at popular prices—fifty and twenty-five cents admission.' The San Francisco Minstrels, headed by Joe Murphy and Ben Cotton, with Baker, Raynor, Jackson and Edwards, are retained for this house."

THE COMPANY engaged to support C. W. Couldock and daughter were left penniless in Kalamazoo, Mich., on Dec. 19th.

MORTON PRICE advertises that he can be engaged for light comedy, juvenile leading and burlesque.

J. O. SEFTON denies the report that he had broken up the company and closed the season, owing the members their salaries. He says he does not owe one of the members a single dollar.

FRANK MAYO opens in Cleveland, Ohio, on Jan. 3d.

FROM THE FAR WEST.—A correspondent, writing on Dec. 17th from Helena, Montana, says:—"Amy Stone is now playing a successful engagement at Langrishe's Opera House, Helena, Montana. She is a thorough *artiste*, and one of those actresses who, on account of their versatility of talent, will do well in the mountains. She has become very popular with the people.....Kate Denin has been delighting the quiet denizens of Salt Lake. The business is not so good as Kate deserves, owing to a general stagnation in trade, but she has the satisfaction of pleasing the Mormons. John Wilson has joined her lately. The Salt Lake Theatre has been greatly improved in appearance lately. It has been newly plastered and the walls tastefully decorated. The scenery has been improved.....The Martinetti's will visit the mountain region shortly.....F. Bates is now organizing a company for Victoria."

EMMA MADDERN closed a two weeks' engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 25th. Our correspondent, "J. E. H.," says:—"Emma Maddern appeared as Fanchon, in the drama of that name, on Dec. 20th, to an audience not large on account of the inclemency of the weather, but with a full appreciation of the merits of the play, or with the acting by the members of their several *roles*. On the 21st the 'Hidden Hand' was presented, Emma Maddern giving an admirable impersonation of Capitola. 'Satan in Paris,' with Miss Maddern in six characters, was produced on the 22d to a larger audience than on the previous evening. On the 23d 'Pet of the Petticoats' and 'Katy O'Shea' were repeated, Miss Maddern appearing as Paul and Kathy, with songs and dances. For Miss M's farewell benefit, on the 24th, the 'French Spy' and 'Pocahontas' were given. Edwin Adams will be the star attraction next (this) week, opening on Dec. 27th in 'Enoch Arden.'"

MARY MITCHELL-ALBAUGH AND J. W. ALBAUGH opened a week's engagement on Dec. 20th at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., in "Oakdale Farm," and during the week appeared in "Madelaine," "Out in the Street" and "Eustache" to fair but not crowded houses. Robert McWade is the attraction for this week, opening in "Rip Van Winkle."

BLANCHARD AND HIS DOGS, supported by a portion of the Griswold Opera House company from Troy, with May Fiske as the star, filled out five nights the past week at the Glens Falls Opera House.

THE COMPANY engaged for the new Trimble Opera House, Albany, N. Y., are called for rehearsal on Wednesday, Dec. 29th, as the opening is fixed for Dec. 30th.

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FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Columns—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for free and independent expression of our own opinions.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
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ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre street,
Cor. Leonard, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

WILHELM'S OPERA HOUSE,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO,
Will be completed DECEMBER 20TH,
With all modern improvements.
THE SIZE OF THE HALL IS 61 BY 87.
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With Gallery, Foot Lights, Good Stage, two entrances, Carpet Chairs, Gas and Water all over the house, four Dressing Rooms on Stage. Population of city, 14,000 to 15,000. Latest styles of heating and ventilation. For further information apply to
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37-41-13t* D. B. CARPENTER & SON, Proprietors.

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Everything ready for immediate use, and the price to professionals about ONE HALF what has hitherto been charged in this country. Will be ready in a few days, a most
BEAUTIFUL BOOK CATALOGUE,
with illustrations of all the principal tricks, and each fully described, with price, &c. Will be sent free on receipt of Twenty cents. 39-tf

CIRCUS PROFESSION.
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Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia,
stating line of business and lowest salary—silence a negative. (36-13t)*

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BILLY CARROLL.....Business Manager.
WM. SCOTT.....Stage Manager.
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JOS. HART, } Managers.
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, } W. B. CAVANAGH, Stage Manager.
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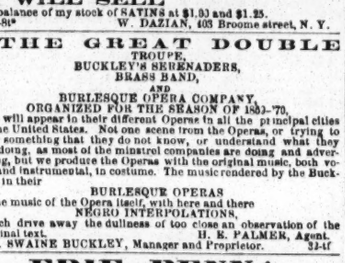

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